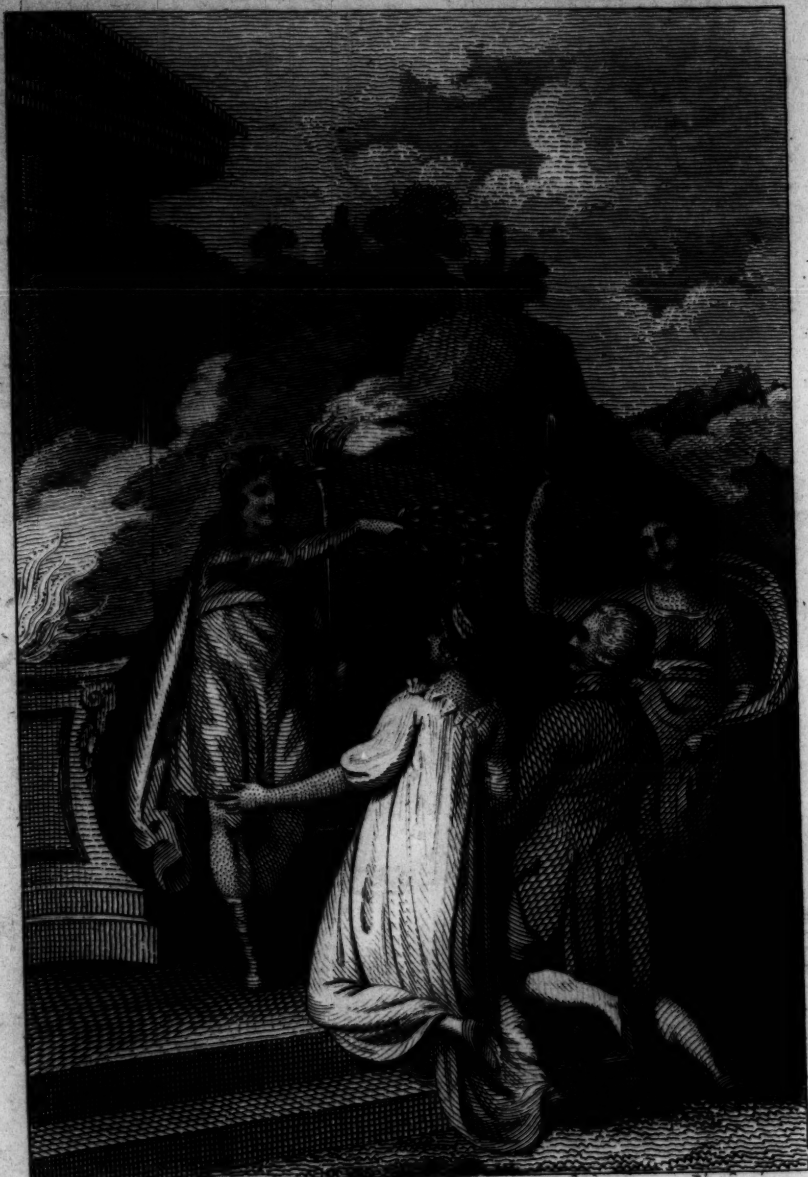

THE
PARENTAL MONITOR.





F R O N T I S P I E C E



E. Dayes Del.

YOUTH attended by PRUDENCE Crowned by
HYMEN

THE PARENTAL MONITOR.

—Time destroyed
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.

* * * *

But why on time so lavish is my song ?
On this great theme kind Nature keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew : each day—a life !
And shall we kill each day ?—If trifling kills,
Sure vice must butcher.

YOUNG.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MRS. BONHOTE,
AUTHOR OF BUNGAY CASTLE, &c. &c.

IN CONTINUATION.

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M.DCC.XCVI.



PARENTAL MONITOR.

RELIGION.

Religion ! Providence ! an after-state !

Here is firm footing, — here is solid rock !

This can support us : — all is sea besides ;

Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.

His hand the good man fastens on the skies,

And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl !

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THOUGH I once before addressed you on this subject, the importance of it will, I hope, justify me in renewing my former advice, and endeavouring to recall to your minds the obligations which are due to that Being to whose more than paternal

care you are indebted for the preservation of the life he gave you, and the ten thousand comforts he has added to the precious gift.

By performing the duties which our religion inculcates, and which God and nature approve, we not only silence the reproofs of conscience, but may be said to form an intercourse with our Maker, which it depends on ourselves to preserve; while, by strictly conforming to his precepts, we may, without presumption, venture to consider ourselves as his children. How delightful! how truly reviving to the soul of the pious Christian, is an union so sublime! for it is not to be doubted that the Almighty is ever present with those who serve him with sincerity, humility, and truth.

It is truly unfortunate for mankind in general that they are so engaged by the cares of the world, so chained to its fascinating allurements, or misled by those false doctrines which grant them an unbounded licence

rence to follow their depraved inclinations, that the important concerns of religion are seldom thought of, or, if thought of at all, put off to a future day,—a day when they are grown weary of amusement, or have purchased leisure by their industry; but, alas! the career of pleasure is difficult to stop, and, when people defer their good intentions till they have procured independence, they are frequently deprived of the power of executing them by the debilitating finger of age, or the unsparing hand of death.

Nothing tends so much to shew the folly and frailty of our nature as the shameful neglect of moral and religious duties. Sorrow and disappointment are the best recipes to cure us of this careless inattention to the source of all good. They soften and meliorate the heart, compel us to look into our own bosoms for consolation, and awaken in our lethargic minds a sense of shame for having omitted to apply for relief to that Power who can alone bestow it.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

We are inclined to think, in these self-reproving moments, that the imperfection of human happiness originates in the imperfection of human nature. We then regret the remissness of our youth, and feel with ten fold severity the freezing infirmities of age. Compelled to take a retrospective view of a life mispent, we are awed into painful reflections for the past, and endure the most agonizing horrors in the prospect of the future ; but these are miseries every one has it in his own power to avoid ; these are thorns wilfully planted for the pillow of age by the self-devoted victims of vice, intemperance, and infidelity.

You, then, for whom I write,—you, who are now in the full vigour of youth, life, and health, neglect not (while it is in your power) to secure the approbation of God, by adhering to all the divine precepts of religion ! which will not only add to your present enjoyments, be they ever so brilliant and unclouded, but prepare a delightful resource

resource for that time when all earthly comforts shall vanish away. A mind uncorrupted by guilt is of more real value than the whole world; it is a treasure of which you cannot be deprived by the hand of treachery or power; and, as you draw near the awful period which will close your mortal career, it will enable you to support the last important contest with nature and the world, with hope, resignation, and fortitude.

Though you may at this moment, from an union of flattering circumstances, be tempted to place an unbounded confidence in the permanent enjoyment of the pleasures or riches you possess, recollect, that they cannot purchase a security from death, and that neither love, friendship, nor parental tenderness; can excuse you from the sentence passed on all.

How often do we see youth and beauty hurried to the grave, while age and infirmity are left to linger in pain and misery!—How

often is the lovely bride snatched from the arms of her admiring husband!—how often are parents, in the full vigour of life, torn from a numerous and helpless family!—Is this a state, then, in which we ought to trust any thing to chance, or for a few temporary, and at best unsatisfactory, enjoyments, sell our immortal birthright!

Therefore, since our present existence is held by so precarious a tenure; since it hangs by a thread which is so easily broken, let us not defer till tomorrow that which may be accomplished to-day!—Let us not neglect any duty which the next hour may finally prevent our performing!

These are not the documents of enthusiasm, nor the bigotted precepts of superstition, but the sound arguments of enlightened reason, animated by the parental admonitions of experience. All our religious duties may be constantly and regularly performed, without the abridgment

ment of any rational amusement or useful employment. So far from interrupting pleasure, they give a zest to the enjoyment of it, by adding unalloyed satisfaction to the moments of innocent cheerfulness.

By the strict observance of Religion, we live in the constant habit of preparing our minds for the hour of dissolution : we are taking the sting from death, and planting in our souls that tranquil composure which gives to the things of this life their highest value. — In real religion no austerities are to be dreaded ; its paths are smooth and pleasant,—the precepts it teaches animating in theory, and consoling in practice.

Observe the true Christian in his last moments. How enlivening are his hopes ! —how patient and resigned his conduct ! —how firm and unwavering his faith ! — Not so the unbeliever : — he feels with

agony the certainty of dying, for all with him is doubt, despondency, and terror.

May my readers never stray from the peaceful paths of rectitude, but cherish the pure uncontaminated principles of Religion in their hearts ! which will be found as conducive to the real enjoyment of every earthly comfort, as essential to eternal salvation.

Virtue is often seen to encounter the severest trials with fearless dignity ; but never does she appear of so much consequence as when she enables the true and pious Christian to meet death without fear or trembling, and support his fortitude unshaken when he is about to enter the boundless regions of eternity.

Leave the learned casuist to dispute the truths of revelation, or explain those mysterious passages on which he founds his doubts ;—leave the profane unbeliever to indulge his own gloomy ideas of sinking
into.

into nothing,—and be satisfied, that numerous are the sublime and beautiful passages of scripture which are sufficiently clear and explanatory to banish every doubt, and confirm your hopes of a blessed IMMORTALITY!



INDIFFERENCE TO THE PRACTICE OF
RELIGION.

O reverence the Majesty of the Omnipotent, and tempt not his anger, lest thou be destroyed.

He hath endowed thee with reason, to maintain thy dominion; he hath fitted thee with language, to improve by society; and exalted thy mind with the powers of meditation, to contemplate and adore his inimitable perfections.

And, in the laws he hath ordained as the rule of thy life, so kindly hath he suited thy duty to thy nature, that obedience to his precepts is happiness to thyself.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

START not, my young readers, nor throw this volume away with disgust, at finding me still addressing you on serious subjects. Though serious, they are of the utmost importance to your present and future happiness,

happiness, and, in an age when religion appears to have lost a part of that prevailing influence which it should ever retain over the minds of creatures formed from the earth to inherit immortality, it is much to be lamented that they should become indifferent to the means by which they are instructed to secure that inestimable blessing.

Unless we cherish a proper sense of the duties of Religion, we should soon lose the remembrance of all that renders us deserving the protection of him who made us; we should forget there was a God who formed the universe, and out of chaos created order and variety,—who, in the numberless beauties he has intermixed in the structure of that spacious world in which he has placed us, seems to have bestowed every indulgence that could charm the senses, and gratify the heart. How wonderful, how unnatural, is it to reflect, that there should be mortals endued with reason and feeling that can be insensible to the favours of so bountiful and

indulgent a benefactor, or that should dare to disobey the lenient commands of so kind and tender a father, merely to gratify appetites and passions which must end in misery and shame !

Whatever absurdities may sometimes arise from the ardours of enthusiasm, surely they are not so blameable or pernicious as neglect and coldness in the duties of religion. Enthusiasm will undoubtedly be productive of error, and sometimes appear in a light that exposes its votaries to ridicule ; but indifference to these important duties is still more dangerous, as it often degenerates into total neglect.

Though few of us can frame our lives to the exact purity of those moral precepts that are to be found in the sacred writings, yet surely we ought to attempt following them as far as we are able ; we ought to set apart from every day a small portion of our time to look into our own hearts, and rectify every beginning tendency to evil, and

and not with coolness and composure give up the contest without using some endeavours to rectify those errors to which we are too prone, and which we all must know are contrary to reason and religion.

From an habitual neglect of moral duties, we soon become equally careless of those which are attached to our present existence. Parents, children, friends, and dependants, are in danger of being equally forgotten.— A general worthlessness of character succeeds, and we are led, step by step, into habits of such unpardonable levity, as we should once have trembled to contemplate in any for whom we felt the slightest attachment.— Could the son of Jesse have known the dangers and temptations to which he would have been exposed, when his head was burthened with a crown, would he have wished for the throne of Israel, or supposed that, when so highly exalted, he should so easily have been tempted to commit adultery and murder? Would he not rather have con-

tinued

tinued tending his father's sheep in the more humble and innocent character of a shepherd, than have aspired to the imperial diadem ?

A religious conduct must ever tend to the exaltation of human nature : it will introduce benevolence, inspire the love of truth, and enforce the practice of charity : it will teach us to love our fellow-creatures, and create a general wish for their happiness : it will refine our passions, and reduce them to obedience,—increase the energies of friendship, and add tenderness to the ties of parental and conjugal affection. Piety, united with gratitude to our heavenly Benefactor, may, nay it must, be the source of all good. In the performance of a duty, thus calculated to impart satisfaction and peace to the mind, we shall find our ideas enlarged, and recollect with delight that we are under the guidance of a Being of whose protection our greatest enemies can never deprive us.

I have

I have no doubt but the modern fine ladies and gentlemen of fashion will exclaim against these troublesome and obsolete monitions ; or perhaps will say, it would be very well to be serious, and go to church, but they are too young to think, and their engagements are so numerous, they really have not time. How unpardonable is the levity which will make such frivolous excuses for the neglect of the first of moral duties !—how inexcusable not to cultivate and improve those talents which are bestowed to render us worthy the protection of heaven !—how shall a soul, dead to the animating impulse of divine love, be able to shake off the coldness it has acquired, and to abandon its childish pursuits, in order to fit itself for those mansions where folly cannot enter !

And dare you, who are thus careless and indifferent in the practice of religious duties, look with contempt on those unhappy beings, who, by having yielded to stronger temptations than yourselves, have sunk into
greater

greater and more dangerous crimes. Can you speak peace to your own hearts because there are others more depraved?—Rather let the reflection awaken you to a proper sense of your own danger, lest, in neglecting the important duties of religion, you should become like them you despise. Our progress in evil is ever more rapid than our acquirements in virtue, and an habitual negligence of what is good is an alarming proof of having a superior inclination for that which is evil.

If the Almighty Being who formed us had imposed on us the rigid penance of living in the practice of the most painful self-denial,—if he had forbidden us to partake of the innocent pleasures of life,—prohibited us from tasting the luxuries of that bountiful table he has furnished for our use, or insisted on our submitting to every rigorous and painful mortification, repugnant to our nature, and painful to our feelings, there might have been some excuse for the neglect of religious duties. Yet, surely, had even
that

that been the case, we should have found our minds much easier under such austerities than we could do if conscious that we merited the displeasure of God. But, happily for us, the mild laws and gentle commandments of our heavenly Parent are of a very different nature. They are calculated to improve and heighten every present enjoyment ; they forbid no indulgence but what would be inimical to our happiness, and require nothing but what must prove highly advantageous to us in the end.

Is there one pleasure you can recollect worthy the attention of a rational being; which, under proper restrictions and regulations, you are not permitted to enjoy ? and are not these limitations prescribed by reason and nature ? We are not enjoined to live the life of an anchorite, but are left to our own discretion in the choice of companions; and at liberty to mix with society according to our inclination. I hope none will take up this volume, who, having imbibed mistaken

taken opinions, will suffer pride and vanity to preclude that advice by which they may be benefited. I should be happy to do good to all, but these papers are particularly addressed to those who are just entering upon the stage of life, who have their parts to choose, and their characters to perform in the most important scenes of this mortal drama. To them I would be as a warning voice, and earnestly wish I was endowed with the most powerful art of persuasion, such as would tempt them to listen and believe, though it found them surrounded by a crowd, or engaged in the bustle of business or dissipation. May none of you, my young friends, ever be so misled as to become deaf to admonitions, indifferent to the practice of religion, or neglectful of real happiness, for the unsatisfactory and empty name of pleasure, and the idle fancy of a giddy moment!

THE

THE DUTIES OF A PARENT.

Consider, thou who art a parent, the importance of thy trust; the being thou hast produced it is thy duty to support.

Prepare him early with instruction, and season his mind with the maxims of truth.

So shall he rise like a cedar on the mountains; his head shall be seen above the trees of the forest.

The soil is thine own; let it not want cultivation: the seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

Teach him obedience, and he shall bless thee, teach him modesty, and he shall not be ashamed. Teach him diligence, and his wealth shall increase; teach him benevolence, and his mind shall be exalted.

Teach him science, and his life shall be useful; teach him religion, and his life shall be happy.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

THE duties of a parent are so various and extensive, that the welfare and happiness of a nation depend in a great measure

sure upon the proper and just performance of them. If the youth of both sexes are left unrestrained to follow their own inclinations, what can be expected, but that vice, intemperance, disloyalty, and anarchy, will follow such unpardonable neglect? You, then, who may soon have to undertake a charge of so much consequence, I earnestly entreat you to recollect, how much your own happiness, as well as that of your children, and of society in general, rests upon the careful discharge of those duties which the ties of nature render so interesting.

Though a constant and unremitting attention must be paid to children from the first dawn of reason, yet, if possible, it ought to be redoubled as they increase in years.—Your own discretion must dictate to you the kind of education suitable to their situation, and fitted to their talents or inclination;—but, unless you can bestow on them a large fortune, the more useful that education the better.. Young people, who are foolishly indulged;

indulged, are in general the most useless beings in creation, and often the most ignorant. In the hour of misfortune, if they are deprived of their parents, and thrown upon the world, their own helplessness adds the most acute pangs to their distress, and they have the additional misery of finding themselves despised as well as neglected.

The less you are separated from your children the better, and happy is it for them whose parents can attend to their education: but, where that cannot be the case, they should be very nice in the choice of those persons to whom they delegate a charge so important. I by no means wish to depreciate the benefit and utility derived from public schools; for, as so many thousands are situated, without either the abilities or opportunities of educating their children, I think them very justly entitled to respect, and those who superintend them to be classed among the most useful of our fellow-creatures.

In

In respect to young persons being allowed to dispose of their time as their gaiety and vivacity would wish, I think it a cruel sacrifice, an unpardonable indulgence for parents to acquiesce in. At the age of sixteen, or eighteen, it surely is time enough for a young lady to enter into what is called *life*, and be introduced to the great theatre of the world. Before that period it is depriving her of the most useful part of her education ; till then pleasure will only serve to counteract instruction, and to implant a love of dissipation before she ought to be entrusted to its beguiling influence. An early introduction to public places is often attended with unpleasant consequences : it detaches the mind from the retired scenes of sober and serene pleasures, which keep it composed and progressively improving.

A parent should direct his children in the choice of companions. Improper habits are too soon acquired, and improper sentiments easily implanted ; the most artless are the
the

the soonest deceived and led astray, and the purest mind may soon be tainted by the influence of bad example. Guard then your treasure with the watchful eye of a miser, and be careful in knowing the character of those to whom you entrust them, lest in one unguarded hour your hopes are disappointed, and your flattering expectations of seeing the plant you have reared with tenderness blighted by vice or dishonour.

By what I have said, I do not mean that young people should be entirely confined. Every one has his circle of friends, and among them some are undoubtedly to be found with whom your children will be as secure and as carefully attended to as by yourself; but they ought not to be indulged in a constant round of visiting, or going from place to place, till their reason is matured, and their characters steadily formed. From the social party I would by no means have them secluded, lest they acquire an awkward shyness which it may be difficult to eradicate.

Parents

Parents should be particularly careful to enforce the necessity and advantage of strictly observing all religious duties, and to insist on the regular performance of them both in public and private, and never to permit any conversation to be held in their presence which would tend to weaken the respect due to the principles of religion, or implant any doubts of its dignity or utility.

In all matters of importance to their happiness or interest, your own example will have more influence than precept. Both must be united to form an exemplary character. You must not be wearied or discouraged by sometimes meeting with disappointments; the changes in the dispositions of children are like those of the seasons. A cloud will sometimes appear, but you must be resolute to wait till it is passed over;—a more serene sky may succeed.—To form the youthful mind is not the task of an hour or a day; years must be employed to effect the important work, which
is

is to stand the test of life, and on which depends their present and future happiness, and in which our own must be unavoidably connected. Different dispositions require different treatment, therefore the plan adopted for one may be totally unfit for another, and must be varied as circumstances may require. The infirmities of nature and the waywardness of the passions are so numerous and complicated, that, unless we are constantly on our guard to prevent their encroachments, the fence we have reared against them will be easily thrown down; yet our very passions, under certain restrictions, may be rendered subservient to happiness.

Parents very often, I fear, permit their vanity to mislead their judgment, with regard to the establishment of their children. One who would disgrace the pulpit might succeed in the camp; another, who is starving at the bar, might have lived in plenty by the advantages to be derived from trade. In such cases, it is impossible to lay

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down general rules. One however should invariably be observed,—to suit the employment to the ability, and leave the rest to Providence. With the following excellent extract, applicable to the subject, I shall conclude this paper.

“ A perfect acquaintance with the classics, and a thorough knowledge of figures, are not the only or chief things to be considered in the education of youth. To render them happy in themselves, and useful members of society, we ought to instil into them principles of piety, virtue, and benevolence, moderation, and fortitude.— These principles will inspire them with a love to their Creator ; they will render them happy in themselves, and make them solicitous of communicating happiness to others. Moderation and magnanimity finish the hero. The man who conquers himself does more than he who routs armies, and subdues empires. An equality of mind, in prosperous or adverse circumstances, not only establishes

establishes our reputation with others, but contributes to our own happiness. Sir Francis Bacon, speaking of fortitude, says, "The truly brave man is prepared for every event, armed in all fortunes, foresees without fear, enjoys without satiety, and suffers without impatience."

Numberless are the examples we have recorded in history, how the truly great have supported the frowns of fortune and the malice of their enemies with equanimity and fortitude. Socrates heard the news of his death mildly, and serenely suffered. Brutus beheld the execution of his sons with composure and steadiness, when the safety of Rome demanded it. Mr. Addison, at his departure from life, knowing he had lived as he wished to die, at his last moment said to his weeping friends, "See with what peace a Christian can die." I hope I shall be pardoned for this digression, as it was only intended to inculcate the observations above mentioned. How necessary it is we

should instill into the minds of youth moderation and fortitude, as the present mode of education tends to render them incapable of supporting the most trifling misfortunes, being from their infancy enervated by luxury and dissipation, so that we cannot expect any great exertion of vigour and activity, even should the times require it. The affections of their minds are so centered in themselves, that benevolence has little share in their hearts. Can such a system of education, as is now generally adopted, render them useful or beneficial members of society? Certainly not.

While parents indulge their children, in every little whim or caprice, during their infancy and youth, we can expect no other consequences than what we daily perceive, a disregard to virtue and religion. I am far from wishing to see harshness or severity used towards them ; on the contrary, we should always temper authority with lenity, display

play the loveliness of virtue in the most amiable light, and, at the same time, depict vice in the most detestable colours it justly deserves; then, and not till then, may we expect a reformation of manners. As there is nothing of more importance, so there is nothing more difficult than the education of youth; therefore it behoves both parents and tutors to be particularly careful what plans they adopt, and whom they employ to execute that very important task.



SOCIETY.

You, who are lowly, virtuous, meek, and poor,
Against the world with caution shut your door.
If discontent should make you sick of home,
Take wisdom's physic,—venture once to roam.
And if you wish your cure should be complete,
In folly's temple fill the lowest seat.
There will you see and feel how bloated pride
Its humble neighbour glories to deride :
There upstart fools, because with splendour dress'd,
Are courted, hugg'd, applauded, and carefs'd :
While squeaking mincing mis, though meanly bred,
Will tire your patience, and mislead your head,
Toss, wriggle, sneer, laugh loud, insult, and bounce,
Then faint—to shew her graces and her flounce.

Next see that thing,—for that I have no name ;
It has no gratitude, it feels no shame.
If at your table it should chance to dine,
'Twill call you friend, and kindly drink your wine.
But if at times you dare this thing approach,
You seen on foot,—that lolling in a coach,

The

The optics of its eyes are so contrived,
No benefit from them can be derived :
It sees you not, or if it see at all,
Its knowledge of you is both cold and small ;
And though from nothing, like yourself, it rose,
It now sees nothing farther than its nose.
Thus, little minds, when fortune chance to smile,
With upstart pride their senses will beguile,
I wish that man had made a saving law,
To shew such creatures as he would a crow.

E. B.

WE were by nature formed for the enjoyment of society, and the man who can find happiness without it must be of so melancholy and useless a turn, as to render his seclusion no real loss to the world.— Could any punishment be thought more cruel than that of being left upon a desert island, where the human face could not be seen, nor even the footstep of a fellow-creature traced?—Not all the luxuries the earth could yield,—not all the beauties nature could display in her gayest dress, could one moment detach our minds from the sad and solitary state in which we were placed. We

were formed to love our fellow-creatures, and he who refuses to associate in some degree with them but ill acquits himself of the duties assigned him. Absolute solitude must surely not only unfit the mind for every generous affection, but render it a habitation for despair, and all the horrid sensations that accompany that most gloomy despot of the human heart.

Without society life would be cheerless and uncomfortable : the lagging moments would creep slowly and sadly along, and, short as is the longest life of mortals, it would appear an eternity of dulness. Our beneficent Creator has so connected us with each other, by an almost imperceptible chain, and such variety of claims, that it is impossible to divide them without wresting from ourselves a thousand enjoyments which solely depend on the social affections.—Man was not formed to live alone, or to spend his life in solitude and inactivity. Of what use is the misanthrope?—a mere blank in creation,

creation,—a moving portrait, beheld with contempt and disgust; but, while we endeavour to avoid sinking into a character so useless and detestable, we must with extreme care and caution guard ourselves from falling into the opposite extreme, an intemperate love of society.

The man or woman who cannot live but in a crowd, who is never cheerful but in the dangerous haunts of pleasure, or the noisy and boisterous company of bon vivants, is of all people the least capable of relishing the calm delights of a domestic life, where alone true enjoyment is to be found.

If the masters and mistresses of families find no gratification in being at home, the rest of the family must be desolate and uncomfortable. The silent meal, the discontented brow, will throw a shade over the most splendid apparatus with which the house or the table may be furnished, while

good humour will give a grateful relish to the most homely fare.

An habitual propensity to be in a crowd is a real misfortune, and it seldom happens that people so inclined are nice in the choice of their companions: they cannot live alone, and will at times mix in bad company rather than be left to themselves. Too often an immoderate love of society will not only prove the destruction of our health, but injurious to our circumstances, which, when once deranged, are not easily restored to order, and, if we are once prevailed upon to exceed the bounds of our income, and waste our real property, few of us will stop till the whole is dissipated. To set about retrenching our expences, when once we are accustomed to the unbounded luxuries of life, is a difficult matter, when pleasure spreads her destructive net. If we yield in trifles, we are easily caught by its snares, till we are unable to escape, and, if once we are seduced by the beguiling influence

influence of luxurious enjoyments, we seldom desist while the smallest means are left to procure them.

Let us for a moment retire with those who have wasted an ample fortune ; whose house, servants, purse, and table, have been open to any who choose to avail themselves of the opportunity of living at their expence. What is now become of all their high-flown compliments, cordial expressions of friendship, and vows of eternal gratitude ?—all are lost and gone the moment they are reduced to penury.

Under these circumstances, many of those whom you have feasted, to whom you have lent your money, and taken to your bosom, will not even know you. They may perhaps pretend to pity the misfortunes they have helped to bring upon you, but their pity is worse than their contempt.—They would be happy to serve you, but alas ! they have families, or a number of poor relations of their own :—they desire

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C 6

you

you will take a family-dinner with them; but at present they have unfortunately so many engagements, they cannot fix a time for seeing you; but the first day they are alone, they will take care to inform you; but if ever they condescend to send you an invitation, the coldness of their reception will shew you at once the folly of your past conduct and the sincerity of their regard.

I beseech you, my children and friends, avoid a situation so painfully humiliating, by preserving that spirit of independence which will induce you to live upon your income, however confined; and, though society is in some degree absolutely necessary to happiness, let not the desire of being continually engaged lead you into habits and expences which must eventually prevent your own home from being comfortable.— Always keep in mind, that, though pleasure and amusement are sought for abroad, real enjoyment can only be found at home,

and, in the society of our own family, we are less exposed to temptation and artifice, and at the same time less liable to disappointment and disgust.



ON

 ON FORMING EARLY CONNEXIONS.

Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of love; the purity of its flame shall ennoble thine heart, and soften it to receive the fairest impression.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Love, the most gen'rous passion of the mind,
 The softest refuge innocence can find,
 The safe director of unguided youth
 Fraught by kind wishes and secur'd by truth ;
 The cordial drop heav'n in our cup has thrown,
 To make the nauseous cup of life go down ;
 On which one only blessing God might raise,
 In lands of Atheists, subsidies of praise ;
 For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
 But felt a God, and blest'd his power in love.

ROCHESTER.

MUCH may be said on this subject, either in its favour or against it. A good deal depends on the character of the parties who

who are led to form engagements early in life. Little security can be rested on the volatile and giddy professions of those whose dispositions proclaim their instability. He, who has broken through one serious engagement, which he had pledged his honour to fulfil, and publicly avowed, can be but little depended upon; nor can the second person, who yields belief to so unsteady an admirer, expect the world to commiserate a disappointment occasioned by a too credulous faith.

We often see those connexions formed at a very early period of life, carried on with ardour and constancy for several years, and then broken off without one justifiable reason being assigned. The natural inconstancy of man, and the fickleness of the female mind are the frivolous excuses for a transaction the most cruel, humiliating and unjust, and it seldom happens but the most injured is the greatest sufferer. A young lady so situated stands in a very unfortunate predicament ;

ment; however she may be condemned, delicacy prevents her attempting to justify herself, while the tenderness of her heart may lead her to wish that the unworthy conduct of her lover may not prove injurious to his character.

Early connexions are sometimes of use in keeping young people from expensive pleasures, and preventing their being led into vices and follies: but, in a matter of so much importance, people must be left to judge for themselves, and to form their resolutions from their situation. It is however absolutely necessary to be well acquainted with the temper and disposition of the person with whom we form a connexion so important and so precarious, and even when we act with the greatest precaution, we are still liable to imposition, as "the heart is deceitful above all things."

The unhappy consequences of inconstancy, so frequently known, can never be sufficiently

sufficiently lamented, and I think the gay, unthinking rover from fair to fair should be subjected to pay a heavy fine every time he deserts from a mistress, unless he can give just and equitable reasons for so doing.

There is another set of men against whom I wish most earnestly to caution my fair readers. The male flirt, though a most contemptible character, has been the source of much misery. His proceedings are generally so cautiously guarded, and his designs so artfully concealed, that, after he has robbed a young woman of her peace of mind, he pretends to be ignorant of having given her any cause to complain ;—he never made her a serious proposal,—never mentioned marriage, — never confessed a passion which he knew his parents, if he had been so inclined, would not have approved.

Perhaps, in some respects, these plausible pretences may be true, while his conduct
proves.

proves them false. Why then, for weeks and months, does he assume the appearances of the lover, if his heart be not attached? From such despicable dangles, such contemptible intruders, fly with caution, and, though it may be contrary to female delicacy to demand an explanation from such worthless nothings, in my opinion it shews a greater want of it to permit such unmeaning characters to buz about you, and whisper their insidious nonsense in your ear. The man who has honourable intentions will not hesitate to declare them; neither would he wish to gain the affections of a woman, if he has any sense of virtue, when he knows it is not in his power to make her his wife.

Love, I believe, has more influence over the mind than any other passion; it is the source of the severest miseries and the purest enjoyments: it is the patron of the noblest actions and the occasion of the most atrocious crimes. Few of either sex pass through

through life without, at some period or other, yielding to its attractive influence.— It is necessary to guard with caution against so powerful an invader; for, though very few persons may be said to die for love, or from the effects of a disappointment in love, yet too many may be found who have lived a long series of gloomy years to regret they ever permitted so dangerous a passion to find entrance to their bosoms.

Too much cannot be said on a subject, upon the event of which must depend the happiness or misery of either sex. When a man chooses a woman merely for her personal charms, and knows that to adorn that person, and set it off to the best advantage, has been her chief study and employment, he is not much to be pitied if he should afterwards feel the want of other endowments. However the eye may be caught, and the heart captivated with beauty, something more is necessary to render the married life happy. It ought therefore to be accompanied

accompanied with sense, sensibility, and discretion. To treat the woman to whom you are united as a domestic drudge, the slave of your pleasures, is debasing her mind, and destroying the desire of rendering herself worthy your affection. By such conduct you will deprive her of that modest consciousness of her own worth which it is necessary to preserve, and which, if encouraged, will induce her to exert herself, that she may be in reality every thing you wish to think her.

Men were designed to be the protectors of the fair, but never intended to be their tyrants. All the important affairs of business fall to the share of those on whom nature has bestowed more bodily strength, and greater personal courage. The department of a woman consists in regulating the economy of her family, and in a still more important charge, — that of forming the minds of her children, and rearing them up in the paths of innocence and truth.

truth. But to enable her to do this, and to preserve the authority of a preceptress and the mistress of a family, she must be treated with respect and attention by her husband. Therefore, however early you form your connexions, proper regard should be paid to the turn of mind and disposition of the person you choose. She who is continually gadding abroad, and sacrifices her time on frivolous pursuits, does not promise to be either the prudent wife, the tender mother, or the agreeable companion, which every rational man would wish should preside at his table, superintend the education of his children, and watch them in their infancy, when the dispositions are essentially formed.

Woman was by nature made to soften and temper the mind of man to all the gentle courtesies of life, by the elegance and propriety of her taste, and the delicacy and cheerfulness of her manners; and, unless she is considered in this respectable point of view,

view, it will be wiser and better in any man not to think of marriage.

A woman of good understanding will be happy to participate and alleviate your cares, while she finds herself treated as a friend and as an equal ; but, if you attempt to reduce her to an abject state, she will revolt against such injustice and oppression, and you will become a sharer in the humiliation and misery you may inflict ; while a man of a noble and generous spirit, an unreserved and conciliating temper, will find his own happiness increased by the happiness he studies to impart, and will enjoy more real satisfaction in the free and unreserved attachment of a woman of sense and merit, than in the servile and involuntary obedience of an ignorant slave.

Long courtships are another source of dissensions, and often of the most severe disappointments. Men grow weary of acting the lover through the tiresome period
of

of years. Passion is cooled by time, and love worn out by disappointments, or severe trials of temper, and these unpleasant circumstances often are productive of disputes, break the band of affection, and frequently occasion a separation, which, in all probability, will prove the ruin of one of the parties.

Some people foolishly attempt to try the temper of the person they love, by treating them with coldness and indifference, without assigning or indeed having any reason for a conduct so provoking and contemptible. Such expedients never answer any purpose but to disunite those who would otherwise have remained undisturbed and happy. A feeling mind may perhaps acquire sufficient fortitude to liberate itself from so painful a situation ; many will sink under the trial, unable to save themselves from despondency. Conscious of the most perfect integrity, can they long submit to be treated like criminals, without attempting

ing to vindicate themselves? Yet, even in this case, they can have little to hope, since their accuser must be their judge.

Thus situated, they are reduced to a state of doubt, anxiety, and suspense, which cannot be better described than in the following words :

“ Uncertainty, fell dæmon of our fears,

“ The human heart, which can support despair,

“ Supports not thee.”

I will now conclude this paper with earnestly recommending to both sexes to be as just and cautious in their dealings with each other, in the affairs of love, as they would be thought in those of business; for, however trivial it may appear to the young and gay to sacrifice the peace and happiness of those whom they have flattered into a belief of being sincerely and affectionately beloved, and then with unfeeling vanity ridiculed for their folly, they may be assured a time will come when
their

their own consciences will be harassed by the recollection of a crime which will admit neither of excuse nor palliation.



VOL. III.

D

EARLY

EARLY RISING.

The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming on the dappled East ;
Till, far o'er æther, spreads the wid'ning glow ;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White, break the clouds away. With quicken'd steps
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine,
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward ; while, along the forest glade,
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passengers. Music awakes
The voice of undissembled joy,
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells,
And from the crowded fold in order drives
His flocks to taste the verdure of the morn.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

THE

THE various beautiful descriptions given of morning by some of our best poets one would think a sufficient inducement to tempt people to rise early, in order to partake of those sweets with which the day is ushered in, if there were no other reasons to draw us from our pillows : yet surely there are many equally prevailing ; it is productive of health and animation, and it adds many hours to life. They who rise early undoubtedly live much longer than the sluggish mortals who waste their best hours in bed, and, what makes it more wonderful, people take the most effectual means to shorten that existence on which they set so much value.

That early rising is conducive to longevity I think no one will pretend to deny ;

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and

and that morning has abundant sweets to repay those who think it worth their while to observe them, the lines I have quoted from the admired works of the harmonious Thomson prove by the glowing colours with which he has given us his description of it. So capital a painter must have drawn from nature ; and never did nature wear a more seducing aspect. He has shewn her in all her unadulterated charms, in order to tempt others to trace her.

I cannot read the Seasons of this our divine bard without lamenting the many opportunities I have lost of admiring the Creator at the approach of morning.— Never is the air so pure and invigorating as when the sun first breaks from the shades of night, and enlivens all nature with his rays, when the hills and vallies, luxuriantly bespangled with refreshing dews, appear with redoubled charms,—when the herds and flocks, with the winged choristers of the air, hail the return of light.—

And

And shall man be less animated and grateful?—Shall he voluntarily consign himself to a temporary death, to indulge in the habits of sloth and idleness?—Shall he alone remain indifferent, or insensible, to a scene which even the brute creation appear to enjoy with gratitude?—Shall they be heard to pay their morning oraisons, and man be silent, refusing to hail the morning sun till he has taken half his circuit through the vast expanse of heaven?—Shall he be the only stupid and insensible being who is lost to the influence of his soul-reviving beams?"

Little do those unfortunate mortals think who live in cities, and waste their hours amid the midnight orgies of intemperance, how superior are the pleasures which the simple peasant enjoys as he goes to his daily labour. Health mantles on his cheek, and his spirits are unclouded by ambition.

Temperance and industry have rendered the constitution of this man insensible to those trivial inconveniencies which are perpetual sources of disquiet and discontent to the delicate and less useful part of his fellow-creatures, who are frightened by their own frivolous apprehensions from admiring the brilliant beauties of the finest summer morning, or sharing the sombre charms of a serene and quiet evening,—scenes calculated to instill into our minds a proper idea of their Divine Author,—to carry our thoughts to him, and enforce a grateful sense of the many favours he has shewn to his creatures in those works which to be seen must be admired, and in being admired must call forth adoration and gratitude.

Another advantage which accrues from early rising is the securing sufficient time for all the necessary or amusing employments of the day. He who rises late is ever in a hurry of business, without being able to
accomplish

accomplish it, which makes him fretful and uneasy. He would affix the blame on others, or on certain contingencies, but his conscience adds to his distress by secretly whispering that to his own indolence are owing most of the troubles of which he unjustly complains, and for which he is continually tormenting the unfortunate people around him; while he, who rises early and employs his time to the best advantage, has always sufficient leisure to fulfil the duties of his station, and to partake of every rational amusement to which his taste and inclination may tend.

Time is undoubtedly our greatest treasure, and he, who makes the most of it, the wisest economist.—Be a miser of it,—guard it with care, and use it with prudence: it will amply repay your attention, though it will stay for no one.—Remember it is not to be recalled, and that the months and years wasted in idleness will,

when they are lost and gone, be recollected with unavailing regret and fruitless repentance.

I would recommend the following useful hint to the serious notice of my readers,

“ The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, (supposing a person to go to bed at the same time as he otherwise would,) amounts to twenty-nine thousand two hundred hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days, and sixteen hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years ; so that it is the same as if ten years of life were added, in which we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the dispatch of business.”

So vast a saving of time will surely be thought worthy the attention of those who are desirous of life, or anxious to make the most of it.

I shall

I shall now conclude this paper with a recipe, to cheat the physicians, from Maf-finger.

—— Rife before the sun,
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Serv'd up by Nature on some grassy hill ;
You'll find it nectar.——



THE ADVANTAGES OF AN IMPROVED
EDUCATION, AND OF BEING USEFULLY
EMPLOYED.

'Tis Education forms the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.

POPE'S MORAL ESSAYS..

“ But Education, heav'nly art,
“ Does every needful aid impart.
“ It gives the graces all to shine,
“ And makes the human form divine.”

ONE of the greatest and most material advantages of an improved education is, that it enables us to lay up a store of wisdom and philosophy in our own minds against the day of trouble and sickness, and supplies us with resources from which we

can

can borrow amusement for the hours of languor or relaxation. I know no state so wretched as that of people who have nothing to do, and are at a loss for employment, and without the opportunity or genius to chalk out a plan for spending the few fleeting hours allotted them either in business or some amusing study.

Youth is the only season for improvement. It is in that delightful period that we must gather, like the bee, the hoard which is occasionally to supply us with a treasure for all our future years. It is in that season only we can lay up those sweets which are to regale us as we journey through life.—The mind, unburthened with anxiety or care, is open to the language of instruction, and the soil so yielding and fruitful, is generally, when properly prepared, productive of a good and plentiful harvest.

Education operates upon the temper and disposition, as health and exercise upon the

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body..

body. It adds strength and vigour to those powers which, if not timely called into action, would not only be useless but burthenfome, and a source of reproach to ourselves and others. Dull and stupid must be the pupil, who, under proper instruction, will not be inspired with some degree of emulation to acquire knowledge; and, when once emulation is raised, application will not be wanted.

Without education, all the noble faculties of the mind would be lost, and the whole become a heap of useless lumber, unconnected and confused,—a certain source of error. Though the pride of a moderate understanding will often mislead, the want of having it improved by education is frequently an excuse for the most atrocious actions, and too often a just one for the neglect of the most important duties; for those who are left to their own government, in the early stages of life, are seldom found willing to submit to any restriction at a
more

more advanced period of it, and we might as well expect animation from a heap of unformed matter, as that genius, truth, and excellence, should start into action without being aided and brought forth by the voice of instruction.

Unless we are taught the necessity of restraining our passions by the guidance of wisdom and reason, they would become such unruly tyrants, as would eventually torment and destroy us. Restriction and instruction are as necessary to subdue the intemperate fallies and eccentricities of youth, as warm clothing and nourishing food are to keep alive the frozen faculties of age. To make a progress in any one art or science we must be patient of instruction; and, if at times we are obliged to hear unwelcome truths, we must not suffer the avenues which lead to conviction to be barred against them, nor ever rest satisfied with having obtained a superficial knowledge, that will only prove a reproach to our understanding,

understanding, and expose us to the criticism and contempt of those better informed. If we are defective in knowledge, we must expect to be detected. To acquire reputation we must become deserving of it, and study to obtain it, by which means we shall secure to ourselves an unfailing source of satisfaction, without being compelled to seek abroad either for pleasure or amusement.

To be able to fill up every hour of leisure, to amuse those of sickness or solitude, and to give a relish to those retired scenes, which are by many undesired and painful, would be to make ourselves rich indeed! Yet thus rich you may become, and bestow the same invaluable treasure on your children, by giving them a good education, and accustoming them to fill up their time with useful and amusing employments. Though they may have an equal relish for many of the fascinating pleasures of the world, as those not so well instructed, or so highly accomplished,

accomplished, they will be less dependent upon it, and consequently less exposed to those dangers which a want of knowing how to dispose of time, and a disrelish for useful employments tempt too many to run into, merely to get rid of their best friend, and squander their most precious and invaluable treasure.

For want of proper employment the heart will soon become depraved,. To total idleness ideots only can submit. There is an active principle about us that will induce us to fly to improper objects for relief, if we are unable to apply to such as are useful. A good education is the surest means of preventing such an evil,—the pernicious influence of which has already been too severely and extensively felt, and too often unavailingly lamented.

The baneful influence of prejudice is frequently implanted in our early years with such strength and force, that the wisdom of maturer age cannot remove an obstacle which

which may prevent success in business, or a rise in that profession to which the unhappy victim has been introduced. If these prejudices should happen to be agreeable to truth, it may be all very well; but, if contrary, and inimical to the laws and customs of our religion and country, they blow up the flames of sedition, and frequently bring disgrace and destruction upon themselves and families. To be governed by prejudice is to enlist our senses under the dominion of a leader, whose wayward zeal will guide us to destruction. Prejudice is the child of ignorance and obstinacy, and will often dress falsehood in the habiliments of truth.

It is become a most unpardonable error that the education of young persons is ended at a period when the attention of the parent or teacher is most wanted, and should be continued. It is owing to this that we see so many young people introduced into the various scenes of dissipation before they are
able

able to form a proper judgment of right or wrong. They are tempted by the giddy folly of others to swerve from their duty, or are misled by some ruling passion from the paths of content and peace.

I am sorry to say, that, to an improper education, the errors of too many of my sex are principally owing. From the false mode adopted, they are often taught indolence instead of industry, pride instead of humility, and fashion instead of economy. The fault is, however, in the parents, who, to gratify their own vanity, will distress themselves, that their children may vie with their superiors in their outward appearance; instead of which, it would be wiser and better to insist on their looking sometimes into the annals of history, and, if possible, persuade them to follow the valuable rules to be found amidst the happy simplicity of ancient times, when it was the custom for ladies, though of the highest distinction, to employ themselves in useful and sometimes in laborious works.

Every

Every one knows, that, in scripture, Rebecca, Rachel, and several others, assisted in the domestic cares of their family. We read in Homer of princeesses drawing themselves water from the springs, and washing the linen of their respective families. But now, many of our would-be fine ladies would be offended if they had to pour the water from a jug to wash their own hands. I am afraid there will be no stopping the propensity to be fine and useless by all the arguments that reason can suggest, till it is become unfashionable to appear what they are not.

“ The grand and first object of education among the Athenians was to give the body the full strength designed by nature, and to the mind every perfection of which it was capable. Education, among the Athenians, commenced at the birth of a child, and did not end till their twentieth year.”

Those

Those therefore, who are anxious for the happiness and well-doing of their children, will be careful to give them good and useful education. Unless you lay a proper foundation, you can have no regard to the safety and security of an edifice. A slight and trivial attention will seldom produce but trivial effects, and a mind but half-formed has at best but a poor chance of attaining to excellence in any pursuit.

“ An Athenian requested Aristippus to
“ complete the education of his son :—
“ Aristippus demanded a thousand drachmas.
“ But (replied the father) I could have a
“ slave for that sum.—You will have two,
“ (said the philosopher ;) your son, and the
“ slave you had placed about his person.”

“ Lyfis, the son of Apollodorus, was in-
“ flamed with an ardent desire to acquire
“ knowledge ; but his father never lost
“ sight of this maxim of a king of Lace-
“ dæmon,—that nothing should be taught
“ young

“ young people but what may eventually
“ be useful : nor of this other,— that ig-
“ norance is preferable to a multiplicity of
“ knowledge, confusedly jumbled together
“ in the mind.”

Let not your ardour to gather instruction,
nor even the acquirement of the most per-
fect knowledge which the brightest talents
can attain, render you vain or over-bear-
ing ! Let it not tempt you to lay aside
that retiring modesty which is a most be-
coming virtue and ornament to youth.

“ Modesty (says a very pleasing author)
is a virtue so suitable to *human nature*, and
so excellent in itself, that, whoever is distin-
guished by it, in whatever period of life he
may be in, we cannot withhold from him
our approbation and esteem ; and this is
peculiarly the case if he is in the early part
of life. Man is a weak and an imperfect
being :—*humanum est errare.*”

“ It is unsuitable to the nature of a being,
whose actions are tarnished by imperfection,
to

to have an uniform confidence in his own shallow intellects, to trust entirely his own judgment and opinions, by shewing a contempt of the advice and help of others.

“ On the contrary, for a being who feels his own weakness and imperfection, it is ingenuous, it is noble in him, to be diffident of himself, to solicit the advice of others, and to be open to conviction. This is his true and proper posture. Modesty gives a shade to his weaknesses and errors.— And if all this be true respecting man, however much improved, however much experienced, of whatever age or rank in life,— how much more must it be true and applicable to him when he is unimproved and inexperienced. But the pity is, that ignorance and inexperience are often the causes of obstinacy and confidence. Young and ignorant people are not aware how much there is to learn, and they too often think they know every thing, when comparatively they know nothing. On the contrary, it
has

has ever been observed, that the more *wise men* have been known, they were of all the least obstinate and ostentatious, the most cautious and open to conviction, because a world of objects open to their view, which lies hid from the ignorant."

" Were men to live coeval with the sun,

" The patriarch-pupil would be learning still,

" Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearn'd."

Again, " If error and prejudice prevail in the world, every benevolent man, who ardently wishes these to be eradicated, looks forward with an anxious concern to the young and succeeding generation. And certainly he, who is most ready to receive his instructions, who gives him the most patient and thankful attention, and, in short, who is of the most teachable disposition, has the surest chance to procure most of his attention, esteem, and regard. To convince you of this, suppose yourself in the situation of a teacher of youth, would you not prefer a humble, affable, and diffident pupil,

pupil, in place of one conceited, confident, and full of himself? Most certainly you would.—

“Every sensible man will study, in a variety of respects, to benefit a youth who ingenuously confesses his ignorance by his interrogations and patient attention. On the contrary, few will be so ready to exert themselves in favour of one who shews himself conceited, dissatisfied, and unthankful. Crude and senseless objections will discourage and disgust, but never attract, or give pleasure or satisfaction; and poor is the young man who is his own master. Even wise men, when they have no friend to deliberate with, fall into many oddities and fancies; how much more does the selfish and inexperienced young man or woman, who will not deign to have a superior.”

“Mark the modest man; his countenance indicates contentment. He is distinguished by a calm and serene deportment. He accommodates himself to every circumstance,

stance, situation, and occurrence of life.—Although bold in duty, and in every laudable attempt towards the enjoyment of true happiness, and in promoting that of others, he is far from aspiring to the government of the world, or to the moulding of his own fortune. Hence he is free from anxious cares, from much trouble, fear, and discontent. His confidence in heaven, and his diffidence of himself, prevents him from the anticipation of ideal joys or sorrows, which often elevates and depresses to the extreme, and proves the bane of present happiness. The affable and kind disposition procures him the love of mankind, and makes his company solicited.”

“As modesty is a virtue eminently suitable to human nature, and a peculiar ornament to a young man,—so it is excellently calculated to preserve him in every other virtue, to forward him in the acquisition of knowledge, and to render him happy in life.”

To

To the female part of my readers I need not surely farther recommend a virtue and an ornament, without which the most brilliant charms would lose the power to captivate, for the fairest complexion would be inanimate and even disgusting, unless it were sometimes tinged with the artless and becoming blush of modesty.

The following excellent letter, which was written many years ago, and published in one of our most entertaining papers, I insert merely to shew the absurdity of indulging children, and permitting them to interrupt the peace, and destroy the comfort of those friends who are so unfortunate as to become the guests of parents, who, not content with sacrificing their own sense and quiet, unreasonably expect others should be guilty of the same folly.

VOL. III.

E

Dear

Dear Sir,

I AM engaged in a visit at a friend's house in the country, where I promised myself much satisfaction. I have, however, been greatly disappointed in my expectations; for, on my arrival here, I found a house full of children, who are humoured beyond measure, and indeed absolutely spoiled by the ridiculous indulgence of a fond father and mother.

This unlucky circumstance has subjected me to many inconveniencies; and, as I am a man of a grave reserved disposition, has been a perpetual source of embarrassment and perplexity. The second day of my visit, in the midst of dinner, the eldest boy, who is eight years old, whipped off my periwig with great dexterity, and received the applause of the table for his humour and spirit. This lad, when he has reached his fourteenth year, and is big enough to lie without the maid, is to be sent to a school

school in the neighbourhood, which has no other merit than that of being seven miles off.

Six of the children are permitted to sit at table, who entirely monopolize the wings of fowls, and the most delicate morsels of every dish, because the mother has discovered that her children have not strong stomachs. It was at the beginning of the partridge-season when I was there; and, though there were several persons at table, and only two small birds for supper, my friend observed to his wife, that he believed his son Jacky loved partridges, (though he was but three years old, and had never seen one,) and ordered the best part of one to be put by for his dinner the next day. In the evening, when any of them are put to bed, no one is suffered to speak above a whisper, for fear they should be disturbed, nor to walk across the room, except with a gentle tread, lest any of them should awaken; and often, when I have been telling my

E 2 friend

friend a very interesting story, he has broke through the thread of it, by addressing his wife with a "my dear, listen!—Don't I hear one of the children cry?—Do go, and see;" and it is some time before we are recomposed.

In the morning, before my friend is up, I generally take a turn upon the gravel walk, where I could wish to enjoy my own thoughts without interruption; but I am here instantly attended by my little tormentors, who follow me backwards and forwards, and play at what they *call running after the gentleman*.—My whip, which was a present from an old friend, has been lashed to pieces by one of the boys, who is fond of horses, and the handle is turned into a hobby horse. The main spring of my repeating watch has been broken in the nursery, which, at the mother's request, I had lent to the youngest boy, who was just breeched, and who cried to wear it.

The father and mother's attention to the children entirely destroys all conversation;
and

and once, as an amusement for the evening, we attempted to begin reading Tom Jones, but were interrupted in the second page by little Sammy, who is suffered to whip his top in the parlour. I am known to be troubled with head-achs ; notwithstanding which, another of the boys, without any notice given, or any regard paid to the company, is permitted to break out into the brayings of an ass, for which the strength of his lungs is commended ; and a little miss at breakfast is allowed to drink up all the cream, and to put up her fingers into the sugar dish, because she was once *sickly*.— I am teased with familiarities, which I can only repay with a frown, and pestered with the petulance of ludicrous prattle, in which I am unqualified to join. It is whispered in the family that I am a mighty good sort of a man, but that *I cannot talk to children*.— Nor am I the only person who suffers from this folly ; a neighbouring clergyman, of great merit and modesty, and much acquainted with the family, has received hints

to forbear coming to the house, because little Sukey always cries when she sees him, and has told her mamma she cannot bear the ugly parson.

Mrs. Qualm, my friend's wife, the mother of this hopeful offspring, is perpetually breeding ; or, rather, her whole existence is spent in a series of great bellies, lyings-in, visitings, churchings, and christenings. Every transaction of her life is dated from her several pregnancies. The grandmother and the man-midwife, a serious sensible man, constantly reside in the house, to be always ready on these solemn occasions. She boasts that no family has ever sent out more numerous advertisements for nurses with a fine breast of milk. As her longings have of late been in the vegetable way, the garden is cultivated for this purpose alone, and totally filled with forward peas and melon-glasses, in hopes that she may luckily long for what is at hand. She preserves to the utmost the prerogative of frequent pregnancy, and, conscious of the dignity and importance

tance of being often big, exerts an absolute authority over her husband. He was once a keen fox-hunter, but has long ago dropped his hounds, his wife having remonstrated that his early rising disturbed the family unseasonably, and having dreamed that he broke his leg in leaping a ditch.

I revere both my friend and his wife, and only wish I could recommend them as managers of children. I hope this letter may fall into their hands, to convince them how absurd it is to suppose that others can be as much interested in their own children as themselves. I would teach them, that what I complain of as matter of inconvenience may one day prove to them a severe trial, and that early licentiousness will at last mock that parental affection from whose mistaken indulgence it arose.

X. Y. Z.

GENIUS.

See you the anguish in that face express?
The murmur hear.—How frightfully she's dress'd!
A suff'ring particle now shakes her frame,
Thrills her with feelings language cannot name.
That dress ill chosen, with indifference worn,
Conceals a breast with many sorrows torn.
What! though each moral duty is perform'd,
By envy all her virtues are deform'd.
Such the prevailing influence of spite,
Because the foolish woman dares to *write*.
Her works are criticised with artful skill,
At her is pointed every gander's quill.
E'en those who scarcely can their primmers spell,
Of grammar false or some defect will tell.
Alas! poor Genius! sentenced to be poor,
Follow'd by envy's frown from door to door,

Attend

Attend in future on the chair of state,
 Forsake the cottage, seek the rich and great.
 Keep well at court, become an useful tool,
 And then uncensur'd thou may'st play the fool.

Sublime and great as Milton's genius rose,
 Around his path it planted hosts of foes.
 Alive, sweet Avon's bard neglected shone,
 Tho' in his grave fame claim'd him for her own.
 Our living poets, like wild beasts, we fly ;
 To purchase praise the mendicants must die ;
 Then monuments on monuments shall rise,
 And their loud plaudits echo to the skies.

Were genius cherished with a cordial smile,
 High would it soar in this its native isle ;
 But like a tender plant it shrinks and dies,
 Whene'er expos'd to rude, inclement skies.

E. B.

WE seldom hear or read the works of
 real genius without a wish to know
 something of the author, and are apt to envy
 those persons who could by their superior
 abilities furnish such a treat of wisdom, wit,
 or invention, to future generations. Alas !

had we known, or seen them at the time they were composing what has afforded us so high an entertainment, it is probable we should have been more inclined to pity than to envy them. No task can be more laborious and painful than that of writing for bread; yet some of our greatest poets and historians have been reduced to this hard necessity; and, strange as it may appear, some of the best writers have been often found dull and unsociable companions, their employment and retired manner of living having rendered them unfit to join in the trifling and frivolous chit-chat of the day, which in large parties is the only conversation that can be introduced.

Another circumstance, which is often very distressing to an author not in the habit of mixing with the world, is the attention which his appearance excites, every eye being fixed upon a character, of which perhaps much has been said and little seen:—every eye is attentive to catch the good things

things he is expected to say, and the shrewd observations it is supposed he will make upon every subject that is started. The embarrassment this occasions to a timid and bashful person prevents his enjoying the entertainment he promised himself. The author is silent, and the company, notwithstanding his fine writing, disgusted, and inclined to think him half a fool.

Another circumstance, which ought to be considered with regard to authors, when, as it will sometimes happen, they are tempted by impertinence and curiosity to give severe answers to frivolous questions, is the nature of their situation, which in general is more exposed to mortification and disappointment than that of other people. It is not very unusual for them to hear their own works criticised, even when they are present, by people who have neither taste to relish nor judgment to distinguish the most elegant flow of language, nor the finest poetry from that of a half-

penny ballad, or a penny story-book, carried about by pedlars.

The mind of the great Dr. Johnson was frequently rendered irritable by the impertinence of his companions, who very often justly brought upon themselves the severe retorts they received, of which the following is an instance.

Being displeased by hearing a gentleman ask a variety of questions about himself, when he was present, he broke out, "Sir, you have but two topicks,—yourself and me.—I am sick of both." "A man (said he) should not talk of himself, nor much of any particular person. He should take care not to be made a proverb, and therefore should avoid having any one topic of which people can say "We shall hear him upon it." There was a Dr. Oldfield, who was always talking of the Duke of Marlborough. He came into a coffee-house one day, and began to tell the company that his Grace had spoken in the house of lords for half an hour.

hour. "Did he indeed speak for half an hour?" (said Belcher, the surgeon.) — "Yes."—And what did he say of Dr. Oldfield?"—"Nothing!"—"Why then, sir, he was very ungrateful; for Dr. Oldfield could not have spoken for a quarter of an hour without saying something of him."

LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

Of Epaminondas it is said,—Though he had enriched his mind with every kind of knowledge, he chose rather to hear than to speak. His reflections were always just and profound. His house was less the asylum than the sanctuary of poverty. She reigned there with the pure joy of innocence, and the unalterable serenity of happiness, surrounded by the other virtues, to which she gave new powers, while she derived lustre from their eminence. She reigned there with a privation so absolute as almost to surpass belief.—When on the point of setting out on a journey to Peloponnesus, Epaminondas was obliged to borrow fifty drachmas

drachmas to purchase himself the necessary equipage; yet it was about the same time he rejected with indignation fifty pieces of gold, which a Theſſalian prince had ventured to offer him. He once ſtaid at home for ſome days, and on being asked by a friend the reaſon for ſo doing, he ſimply replied, "I am obliged to have my mantle cleaned," and the truth is he had not a ſecond.

ANAGHARSIS THE YOUNGER.

While men of genius are thus known to be indifferent to riches, it is leſs to be wondered at when we find them ſo to appearance and etiquette, or that, while their minds are engaged in uſeful ſtudies, they ſhould forget things which perhaps appear unworthy their attention.

"True wiſdom is leſs preſuming than folly. The wiſe man doubteth often, and changeth his mind; the fool is obſtinate, and doubteth not: he knoweth all things but his own ignorance.

"The

“The pride of emptiness is an abomination, and to talk much is the foolishness of folly: nevertheless it is the part of wisdom to bear with patience their impertinence, and to pity their absurdity.”

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE

The following paper will, I conclude, prevent my readers having any desire of seeing, or being introduced to, an author.

FROM my situation in early life, I became sooner acquainted with books than men, and thence formed such an idea of authors, as inexperienced minds are apt to entertain of things they have not sufficiently examined. Unacquainted with “the manners living as they rise,” I thought those who were capable of saying such fine things in print must be themselves models of human excellence and perfection. I had never seen an author, and therefore imagined them to be composed of knowledge,

ledge, sense, and wisdom, immaculate in their manner, free from the common imperfections of humanity, and, in short, a rank of beings superior to the rest of mankind.

The first time of my going to London, being at the house of my friend Crito, I hinted to him my apprehensions about authors. He smiled at my ignorance of the world, and told me he would introduce me to one with whom he had the honour to be acquainted. I was much pleased with his proposal, but somewhat embarrassed to know how I should behave before an *existence* of whom I had formed so exalted an idea.—Of this I informed my friend, but he told me I need not be under any concern on that account, for that he would bring me off cleverly. Next morning was the time we had previously fixed to visit the Mall, the Park, the palace, and Westminster-abbey, &c. &c. and Crito proposed we should call on the author in our return.

About

About nine in the morning we sallied forth, and visited the West end of the town : during our peregrination, on seeing any building more magnificent than the rest, I jogged Crito, and asked him whether that was not the *mansion of an author* ? He smiled, and told me no ; adding, that the houses in which they resided bore no comparison with any we had yet seen. This raised my expectation, and I recollected many fine descriptions of the poets about “ *doors turning on golden hinges,—sculptured arches,—gilt architrave,—turrets reaching to the clouds,—roofs fretted with gold,—groves of perpetual verdure,—limpid fountains, with blue haired Nereids sporting in the waves,—silver vines with golden grapes,*” and the like ; but, as I had seen very few of these things in common life, I supposed them confined to the splendid habitations of those who had described them. The *Mall* I considered as the *Elysian* fields, and the fine buildings that surrounded it as the happy abodes of the *sons of song* ; therefore, on coming up
to

to *Buckingham-house*, I was struck with a pleasing reverence, fully believing this to be the *palace of an author*.

This I hinted to Crito.—He told me I was not wholly out, for that it had formerly been the mansion of a poet ; but that, when time and the elements had sullied its primæval beauty, he left it to be occupied by more vulgar inhabitants. This account braced up the spring of expectation to its highest pitch, and Crito informing me that we should now turn back, and go directly to the author's abode, I felt an unusual trepidation, and began to consider how I should address him. We now repassed the *Horse guards*, *Charing cross*, and the *Mews*, and passed through several narrow streets, which brought us into the parish of St. Giles, which I afterwards found was the region of *poets, philosophers, last-dying speech-makers, and commentators on the sacred text*. Crito then turned down a narrow alley, and to my great surprise stopped at the door of
a ruined

a ruined old house, which every blast of wind caused to totter on its foundation.

“*In this palace* (said Crito with a sneer) resides an author.”—I was “all gaze, all wonder.” Crito knocked, and, on an old woman’s opening the door, inquired if Mr. Sentiment was at home. “Yes, sir, (said she,) he is in his apartment, but I have strict orders to admit no strangers.”—“I am not a stranger, (said Crito,) nor will I introduce any body who shall hurt him,—therefore come along, (said he to me,) we will surprise him with an unexpected entrance.”

We then ascended four pair of stairs, which creaked and yielded at every step, as though conscious of supporting an unusual weight. From the top of the fourth story an ancient ladder reached to a fractured door just beneath the roof. My friend, who was used to it, ascended it with caution,—I with fear and trembling, the place being almost dark, and only an old rope to guide us,
On

On giving a tap at the door, a hoarse voice exclaimed, "Who is there?" Crito answered, and desired admittance: his well-known voice soon gained it.—Back flew the bolts, and the door opened, to use Milton's phrase, "with impetuous recoil and jarring sound, grating harsh thunder."

Sudden the mansion laid exposed to view,
Dark, dreary, dismal, comfortless, and waste.

The object that first struck me was the author himself. He was thin, tall, and meagre: his coat, which had once been black, was now become rusty brown, and "mere taffeta." Several rents at the elbow, and under the arms, discovered the tattered remains of a shirt nearly of the same hue: his stockings wore the marks of age and his wife's industry, and appeared much too large for the wasted shanks they partly covered. On his head he wore what had once been a wig, but which had been so long unused to any other *comb* than the wearer's fingers, that every curl was now reduced to that
humble

humble drooping position in which it originally hung from the neck of its four-legged parent. Thus accoutered, stood the wife, the learned, the erudite, Mr. Sentiment,—an author in full proportion.

Over a few expiring embers sat a female figure, pale and meagre, with a child at her emaciated breast, and four more, half-naked, about her, crying for bread. Want and misery were expressively painted on their countenances. Opposite the fire-place was a window, which time and the fury of the elements had greatly injured ; rain, hail, snow, and wind, had very easy access through its numerous apertures. Hence it not only enlightened the eyes, but cooled the head of Mr. Sentiment, who usually sat at the remains of a worm-eaten table near it, covered with old fragments of books and papers.

The author rose on our entrance, bowed with great formality, and saluted Crito in all the pomp and attitude of tragedy. To
repeat

repeat his expressions is not in my power, for many of them being in a strain too elevated for common understandings to comprehend were to me unintelligible. He then inquired who I was? My friend told him an acquaintance from the country, who, being fond of books, had the greatest veneration for an author. Here Mr. Sentiment “*grinn’d horribly a ghastly smile,*” and said he highly approved my discernment and design of acquainting myself with the *literati*. “We are indeed (said he) deprived of many advantages which the vulgar hold in high estimation, but we enjoy the infinitely superior blessings of learning, wisdom, and contemplation. We govern the manners of the world,—converse with the sacred Nine,—sport with them in the blissful regions of Parnassus,—quaff the divine nectar,—mount into Elysium, and there—”

Here Crito interrupted him, (for he found he was going to rave,) by telling him that all this was *mere huff*,—that he must
now

now descend to common life, and asked him how he had of late spent his time. Mr. Sentiment then recollected himself, and, descending from Elysium, informed us as follows.

“ I must,— I will descend when Crito bids ; and, to tell you the truth, (said he,) I have made but poorly out this last quarter. Nothing will now sell but party-abuse, scandalous *tête-à-têtes*, *lascivious memoirs*, and *sentimental journies*.

“ The *Considerations* on the present State of Great Britain, which I was writing when you last favoured me with a visit, made me only ten shillings ;— poor pay for one hundred and forty pages ! When I carried it to my employer, he looked it over carelessly, and told me it would not sell because I had not sufficiently abused the ministry. On this ten shillings I subsisted a month, during which time I wrote a poem on the last day. My scene was laid in the Pacific Ocean, which I had previously taken care to dry
up

up with the tail of a comet, and convert into a large plain for the innumerable millions of all ages to assemble in. The machinery I took from Milton, except the terrific parts, which were created ready to my hand by Tasso.—My speeches from Young, Glyn, and Ogilvie, and I dissolved nature out of Shakespeare.

From this poem I had great expectations, but, on offering it to several booksellers, one told me it was a subject that people in this polite age never thought about ; but that, if I would run the risk of loss, he would print it. Another took it, and, having looked at the first three pages, told me the last day would certainly arrive before any body would take the pains to read it through. I left them both with that contempt they deserved, and, going home, instantly burned it, that the ungrateful world might not reap the benefit of such a treasure after my decease.

I then wrote for sixpence a sheet for the magazines ; killed, robbed, and plundered,
for

for the newspapers, and made dying speeches for criminals several days before they were executed. The other day, as I was walking in Moorfields, I bought that old book which lies on the table for threepence, and, for want of other paper, am now writing between the printed lines of it, an *Essay on the Vanity of Riches*. When it is finished, I will dedicate it to you.—The *fee*, on these occasions, you know, sir, is a guinea, and I flatter myself you will not regard so trifling a sum to render your name *immortal*.”

The conclusion of this speech shewed at once the author's vanity and poverty. My friend, however, forgot the former, and, regarding only the latter, generously gave him the guinea, but desired to be excused from having his name in the front of the pamphlet. Mr. Sentiment received it with emotions that bespoke the joy of his heart. Tears trickled from his eyes.—The subject became too tender, we therefore wished him success, and withdrew from this complica-

ted scene of learning, vanity, and distress, where barren erudition and scientific pride could not stop the cravings of hunger or procure a dinner.

SIMON TOUCH'EM-GENTLY.

*From his hotel in
the Country.*



THE FOLLY OF FASHION.

Observe that youthful group, that beauteous train,
Already slaves of folly and of pain.
'Midst scenes of dissipation early taught
To set all serious precepts down as nought :
Disguis'd, deform'd by the rude hand of taste,
All petticoat, without an inch of waist ;
In folds of muslin lost the dimpled chin;
Each head seen nodding like a mandarine ;
Cropp'd hair, with fillet bound so trim and tight,
They seem prepar'd to bid the world good night.
Sure fashion's mad, her votaries insane,
Or beauty would not patronize its bane.
What ! though a Cupid revels in the eye,
Each cheek high polish'd with the roses dye.
What ! though the lily's whiteness decks the breast,
Which, when expos'd, becomes a common jest.
Soon will those charms be lost, those beauties fade,
And each gay trisler doom'd to die a maid.

Next view that clumsy figure, gay and fine,
 Her age makes satire blush,—'tis fifty-nine.
 Feathers and flow'rs, gauze, frippery, and lace,
 Disgrace the head,—disguise the time-worn face.
 Fashion ! (she cries,) my study and my aim !
 I dearly love thee, sweet fantastic dame !
 Ever delighted to thy shrine I go,
 To dress my silver locks or gouty toe.
 Such are the magic spells by fashion hung ;
 They make the young look old,—the aged young.
 Frocks, fashes, nodding plumes, and flowing curls,
 Put on by thee, transform us all to girls.
 Old women, thanks to thee ! are not in being,
 If men will trust to their own eyes for seeing.
 Time, break thy glass ; no longer have I fears ;
 Lilies and roses bloom on fourscore years.
 No matter where, or at what price they're bought,
 I wish a lovely ruin to be thought.
 At ev'ry public place *I will be seen,*
 For years to come, a blooming *evergreen*.
 Not Solomon himself this dame could save :
 She'll carry Warren's roses to the grave.

E. B.

THE butterfly passion for dress, which
 predominates in the minds of too
 many, when indulged to excess, is often at-
 tended

tended with the most serious consequences, not only to individuals, but to whole families. For instance; when the sons and daughters of farmers, or little tradesmen, follow the fashions, and ape the manners of those in a much higher and superior walk of life, it not only excites contempt and derision, but essentially militates against their own interest, by leading those on whom they are dependent to conclude they can dispense with their favours, and the rents of farms have actually been raised because the tenants' daughters vied in appearance with those of the landlord. Nor is the rage for fashion and dress less inconvenient to some in more affluent situations, for the consequences of it are not merely confined to economical considerations: the loss of time is one of its most pernicious effects. The fleeting and precious moments, which pride and vanity bestow in studying what dress will best become the person, would turn to much better account if employed in decorating the mind with those unchangeable and

unfading beauties, the fashion of which can never vary.

The young men of the present age are not less absurd than the young women, and it is no unusual thing, I am told, for modern fine gentlemen to spend whole hours at their toilet; and, after lounging till they have wearied themselves with sipping their tea, writing billets-doux, or refusing to pay honest and industrious tradesmen the just demands upon their folly, the friseur is admitted to begin his operations upon a head, the outside of which must be adorned in the highest stile of fashion, while the inside is left totally unfurnished. Surrounded with the fumes of powder, carmine, ceruse, lavender, and Hungary water, &c. &c. &c. they fall forth, scented like a perfumer's shop, in order to shew their sweet well-dressed persons, and make conquests among the fair.

Of all the follies to which our frail nature is too prone, that of indulging ourselves in
an

an unbounded extravagance in dress is one of the most foolish, pernicious, and unsatisfactory. The caprice and absurdity of following the extremes of fashion is a reproach upon the understanding.

Beauty wants no borrowed aid, and ugliness is rendered more conspicuous by being ornamented so as to excite attention. Neatness and simplicity in dress should ever be observed by both sexes ; they may not procure the admiration of the foolish, or the envy of the vain, but, what is far better, they will obtain the approbation of the wise and the prudent.

If we look into the world, we shall easily discover the ill effects of an immoderate love of dress : it exposes women to a thousand inconveniences, of which perhaps they are not aware ; particularly those whose expectations of fortune are trifling or uncertain.

The first question generally asked, when a young girl makes her appearance in the world, is not to what family she belongs, who she is, or how she is accomplished, but how much money she is likely to possess. Few men would venture to marry a woman whose taste and inclination would lead her to spend double the income of her portion in the decoration of her person; and, if we come seriously to inquire for what purpose so much trouble and pains are bestowed, and so much time wasted, we shall find that it is too often to procure admiration.

Alas! the admiration which dress can excite is seldom worth the pains taken to obtain it. Where nature has done her part with her usual bounty, she requires but little assistance from taste, and must be deformed by art. Her charms may be disguised, but they can seldom be improved by it, as all deception is a degradation of sense as well as beauty.

If

If any of either sex be so fortunate as to possess the heart of those to whom they have yielded their own in exchange, they may be assured, while they preserve the wish to please, they will neither want the blandishments of art, nor the meretricious aid of dress, to retain it in their possession.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WARNING.

A SONG.

YOUNG Sylvia was the loveliest fair

That ever grac'd the flow'ry plain;

Her faultless form, her modest air,

Conceal'd a heart which could not feign.

Gay Damon saw the beauteous maid,
And fought her in the shady grove;
To listen she at first afraid;
But ah! how soon she learn'd to love!

Fair Sylvia trembled at the tale
Which Damon whisper'd with a sigh;
And oft her cheek turn'd lily pale,
When at her feet he vow'd to die.

Live, Damon, live! (she kindly said,)
My heart is all your own, dear youth;
Yet spare,—oh! spare an artless maid,
Unless you mean to love with truth.

Break not that heart you led astray,
Now of its native home bereft;
Nor throw it like a weed away,
Since peace for you the wand'rer left.

Inconstant, vain, well vers'd in guile,
He met her in the rustic bow'r,
Swore, vow'd, and triumph'd, with a smile,
Then boasted of his lawless pow'r.

Hear this, ye young unguarded fair,
Prefer the virtuous, wisest, best,
Lest caught, like Sylvia, in the snare,
Like Noah's dove you find no rest.

E. B.

TO MR. IRWIN, *Author of Eastern Eclogues,*

ON HIS DEDICATION TO HIS WIFE.

"Ye shades of lovers, witness what we feel;
"To modern lovers vain were the appeal."

These are thy words.—O Muse! indignant rise,
Assert the nuptial faith,—assert the ties
That knit in bonds eternal willing hearts,—
That joy, too pure for man, to man imparts.
Know, vaunting Irwin, that the bliss you prove,
The bliss supreme of hymeneal love,
Moves in wide circles o'er this happy land,
Nor checks its beams on harsh Ierne's strand:
That modern couples, in these modern days,
Wear the soft myrtle with the poet's bays;

That soldiers twist it with the mural crown,
That it adorns the sacerdotal gown ;
That constant love in marriage still is seen,
In court, in city, on the cotted green.

Boastful, you say a yearly sun hath shed
Its fruitful rays, since you in triumph led
Your blushing fair one to the nuptial bow'r,
And still it shines as at the first gay hour.
Nine suns autumnal have the sky illum'd,
Nine verdant springs the tepid air perfum'd,
Since Aura, trembling, blushing, and in tears,
(The sweet effervescence of virgin fears,)
Vow'd at the sacred fane to bless my life,
And left the altar raptur'd Henry's wife.
Yet still, O Irwin, the sweet moments glide,
And Aura's still a courted happy bride.
Two rosy boys our household circle grace,
A blue-eyed Hebe, with its mother's face,
Hangs at her polish'd neck,—her veins alone
Worthy to nourish those our nuptials own.
To shades of lovers cease these vain appeals,
Since modern couples know what Irwin feels.

THE following composition, there is reason to believe, was written by the celebrated Mr. Sterne. It is sufficient to observe, that he is supposed to have composed it on revisiting, at an advanced period of life, the house of a gentleman, to whose daughter he had paid his addresses.

O Caroline! thy form recalls
(As do thy honor'd father's walls,
Thy matron-mother's look serene,
And all this love-enchanted scene,)
Those happy days, too sweet to last!—
From me, alas! for ever past,
When my young heart,—then gay and free,
Its early homage paid to thee;
On thee its first regards bestow'd,
And first with pure affection glow'd.
Ah! happy days of early youth,
All peace, all innocence, and truth:

Swift

Swift flew the blithesome hours away,
Unvex'd by cares serene and gay.
Ah, me! full many a pang has prest,
Since these dear days, this anxious breast;
Full many a scene in varied life,
Distress, misfortune, pain, and strife,
Have caus'd this throbbing breast to pine,
Which once I little thought were mine!
When, after all this time and pain,
These lovely scenes I view again,
By fond remembrance sore distress,
Grief fills my eye, and swells my breast,
And bids me think, when these I view,
What I have lost by losing you!
Yet let me still, by some kind name,
A place in your affection claim;
Call me your friend, or what you will,
But be my place exalted still.
Remember, I was once the youth
Who, in past days of joy and truth,
First offer'd incense at your shrine,
And fondly hop'd to call you mine.

1755.

SONNET

SONNET FROM MILTON.

Sweet is the balmy breath of morn,
And sweet the tuneful bird of day ;
The dew-drop glist'ning on the thorn,
And ev'ry herb and flow'ret gay :—

When noon-tide heat the air pervades,
Sweet is the cool umbrageous grove,
Where myrtles form their fragrant shades,
Sacred to solitude and love.

Sweet th'approach of evening mild,
When from their toil the rustics cease,
Their heart of ev'ry care beguil'd,
By calm content and tranquil peace.

When silent night has hush'd the world,
Sweet is the moon-illumin'd vale ;
The heav'ns with starry gems impearl'd,
And Philomel's melodious tale.

But

But neither morn nor dew-drop bright,
 Nor cool recess from noon-tide heat,
 Nor evening mild, nor silent night,
 Unless enjoy'd with thee,—is sweet.

A SPANISH RHAPSODY.

Spaniards were ever deem'd bravadoes,
 Their threats are mere fanfaronadoes ;
 To war with them are just crusadoes ;
 Bold in the dark are their privadoes,
 To plunge in harmless breasts stilladoes,
 When in the night they're desperadoes,
 Fiercely lug out their long toledoes,
 And basely murder with stocadoes,
 But in fair way are renegadoes,
 Nor dare withstand our reformadoes,
 For which they merit the strapadoes,
 And be well-drubb'd with bastinadoes,
 Or ride in dirt without gambadoes.

But we despise their cannonadoes,
 Their noisy empty gasconadoes,
 And all their vain rhodomontadoes.

A gun

A gun they fear more than tornadoes;
Fearful they fly from our grenadoes,
Basely desert their camaradoes,
And from our swords make escapadoes,
Nor e'er seiz'd forts by escaladoes,
But in the fields are retrogadoes,
And skulk behind their retiradoes.

And should they dare invade Barbadoes,
And form against our towns blockadoes,
Or once approach our palisadoes,
Britons shall make them carbonadoes.

CURIOUS DEFINITION OF A FINE GENTLEMAN.

I think the following paper will not fail of proving as entertaining to my readers as I found it on perusal. There is so much good sense and genuine humour running through the whole of this little *mor-
ceau*,

ceau, that I cannot help lamenting the author did not favour the world with farther proofs of his genius ; or, if he did, that chance never threw them in my way.

WHEN we are at a loss to describe any uncommon phenomenæ, we are apt to say what it is not, and to give an idea of a something to which we can affix no name. The physician is called to a patient in a particular disorder ;—he knows not what to call it.—It is not the gout ;—it is not the rheumatism. There are no symptoms of fever,—as few of inflammation ;—it is an inward complaint, something *nervous*.

The naturalist finds a substance lying on the ground. It is not a stone nor a stick ;—it is not an animal, nor an ore ;—it is not a plant nor a root. At length, after looking over Linnæus's arrangement, and finding it

it to be like nothing there, it is a *lusus naturæ*.
To apply this to the fine gentleman.

A fine gentleman is not a handsome gentleman ; for, if nature has been bounteous in person, his whole life is a struggle to deform the beauties of nature, and substitute those of art.

A fine gentleman is not a learned gentleman, for he knows the name of every article of fashionable apparel, and can, with extraordinary precision, mark the distinctions of *Carmelite*, *Emperor's eye*, *Vestris' blue*, *feu de l'opéra*, &c. &c. and other niceties, which knowledge requires to be something more than learned in the primary colours.

A fine gentleman is not a pious gentleman, for to him nothing can be so insupportable as seriousness. The sight of a parson operates upon him as the smell of rotten cheese upon the nerves of a lady.

A fine gentleman is not a *rational creature*, for he avoids nothing so much as thinking.

A fine

A fine gentleman is not an industrious man, for his whole life is spent in idleness; and, at the end of it, it is impossible for him to recollect one hour in which he was well employed.

A fine gentleman is not an idle gentleman; for, from morning to night, he is in a perpetual motion from one place of amusement to the other,—from the breakfast to the gaming-table,—from the gaming-table to the coffee-house,—from the coffee-house to the Park,—from the Park to dinner and the bottle,—from the bottle to tea,—from tea to the play,—from the play to supper,—from supper to the bagnio,—from the bagnio to the street,—from the street to the round-house,—from the round-house to the justice,—from the justice home again.—*Da capo.*

The fine gentleman is not an ingenious gentleman: for, during a long existence, he is never once able to discover the real purpose for which he was sent into the world,
endued

endued with a head, teeth, tongue, eyes, hands, feet, &c. &c.

The fine gentleman is not a dull gentleman, for he often is the author and adviser of an additional curl, a whisker, the cut of a coat, the width of the breeches, and other equally meritorious proofs of an inventive genius.

The fine gentleman is not an honourable gentleman, for no man can call him rogue without being called to an account for it,—although the proof be as clear as the blade of his sword.

Since the *fine gentleman* is not so many contradictory characters, to what class of mortals must we consign him ! He is, in fact, an animal *sui generis*, of his own *engendering* ; there is nothing like him on earth. Nature has no share whatever in his composition.—Men are sometimes born *fools*, geniuses, dunces, deformed, &c, but no man is by nature a *fine gentleman*. It is to
the

the taylor and hair-dresser we are to look for the creation of this strange animal. In ancient times, perhaps, some attempts may have been made to construct a *fine gentleman*, but that perfection, to which the machine is now brought, is the work of many centuries. Before the flood, we are sure there were none. Wicked as the world then was, we believe not one *fine gentleman* was drowned at the flood; indeed, had there been any then on earth, Noah must have mistaken them for a species of monkey, and put a couple of them into the ark. After the flood, even when the Egyptians were a great and flourishing people, I do not find any mention of *fine gentlemen*; nor when the Romans conquered them, do their historians give any account of *fine gentlemen*.

It is not easy to trace the different steps by which we have mounted to perfection in the construction of a *fine gentleman*, and perhaps some countries may contend for the honour of having excelled in making them.

For

For my part, if the matter rested with me, I would most willingly yield to the supremacy of France in this respect ; but, as we now scorn to be out-done by that country in any point, I find that the numerous fraternity of *fine gentlemen* would sooner give up Gibraltar than one of their side-curls.

Be the controversy concerning their origin decided in what manner it may, we have the creatures now among us, and they appear in the army, the law, the church ; but most of all in the army, as no abilities are required ; less in the church, where something of ability is looked for ; and least of all at the bar, for there nothing but abilities can do. Any man may read prayers, and compile sermons ; and any man may go through the exercise of the *fusée* and spontoon, but it is not every man who can combat the difficulties of a criminal case, or civil plea.

So much for the question, *where do fine gentlemen come from ?* Now for the question, *where do they go to ?*

In

In the first place I must premise, that I have always believed, and do now firmly believe, that after death every man goes *somewhere*. Farther I mean not at present to extend this doctrine ; and, if any imagine that this creature, *man*, “ noble in reason, infinite in faculty, express and admirable in form and moving,—in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals,”—I say, if any are of opinion that this paragon was created to last only for fifty or sixty years, and then sink into irrecoverable nothing, let such read no farther. Others who think with me may proceed.

Now it is my opinion, that nothing can be more difficult than to ascertain the place appointed for *fine gentlemen*. It cannot be heaven, for their thoughts turn not that way, and it is so long since I read Quevedo's Visions of Hell, that I have forgotten whether he observed any *fine gentlemen* in it. He informs us, indeed, that the devil had
his

his back broken by carrying taylors to hell, which makes me think that if taylors went there, the children of their manufacture would undoubtedly go with them. Minos, Eacus, and Rhadamanthus, must surely have been greatly puzzled in first seeing a *fine gentleman* in their regions, and have let him escape punishment for want of a precedent. Perhaps there may be a sort of *middle state* for *fine gentlemen*; but, whatever their state be, I am afraid it is not much to their mind.

The late Lord Chesterfield has been the making of many a fine gentleman. With him, *clean teeth*, and *nails well pared*, were greater accomplishments than a pure heart and an enlightened understanding; and he, who adopts his lordship's refined sentiments of duplicity and dress, must turn out an arrant coxcomb, if he escape being a profligate.

The last circumstance I shall mention concerning *fine gentlemen* is, that, besides the

taylor and hair-dresser, buckle and boot-maker, &c. there is another prevalent cause, I mean looking-glasses.

To the first contriver of a looking-glass, vanity may build a statue, but with me it is a question, whether they have not done more hurt than good?—Jack Foppington's windows are so near mine, that I am frequently condemned to see him at his toilet. He takes up the looking-glass,—grins Eastward,—grins Westward,—grins Southward,—grins Northward,—then places the glass *horizontally*, — then *obliquely*, — then one way, and then another, — until he viewed his grinders in every possible light ; which being done, he proceeds with the same minuteness to the adjustment of every part of his dress, and I dare say would never forgive himself if one side-curl was the hundredth part of an inch higher than the other.

H O M O.

FRUGALITY.

Before the Roman empire met its fall,
All ranks of people learn'd to dance or squal ;
Alike both rich and poor were proudly mad,
Deceiv'd by luxury, no heart was sad.
Music and French, when taught in common life,
Infuse high notions, spoil the useful wife ;
Mifs to piano proudly will attend,
Jabber bad French, but stockings blush to mend.
Ah ! that this generation would grow wise,
Teach girls to make plain puddings and good pies ;
Leave to fine ladies the Italian shake,
And learn—their husbands shirts to mend and make !
Then men, whose fortunes are confined and small,
Again would follow nature's sacred call ;
Love, honest love, once more its sweets display,
Once more to Hymen's temple lead the way.
Now boasted liberty enlightens France,
Let's send our fiddlers there to make them dance ;
At once rid England of its plague and pest,
Heads, hearts, and pockets, then may find some rest,

With foreign sharpers play a saving trick,
And lay a heavy tax on fiddlestick,
Restore again Queen Bess's golden days,
When men and women practis'd frugal ways :
Then let not sense or substance yield to sound,
Lest England, like old Rome, be run aground.

E. B.

IN an age of such boundless dissipation as the present, to introduce so unfashionable and uninteresting a subject as *frugality* may possibly induce many to throw aside this publication, as being unworthy or beneath their attention. "For heaven's sake, (exclaims the fine lady and fine gentleman,—butterflies of a day,) what business has this queer author to bore us with her old fashioned notions of frugality!—a thing quite obsolete.—I wish the word were expunged from our language. I have already heard so much of frugality, that I am determined never to be mortified with the self denying practice. Had it not been for that same frugality,

frugality, I should have come out at the last masquerade, where I had promised to meet Lord S—.” “And I (cries the brother, a pert youth of nineteen) should have wheedled my old iuperannuated grandfather out of a sufficient sum to have carried me and my sweet Annabella to Gretna-green, had it not been for the same diabolical cause.”

Very fortunate, no doubt, it was for both, that the accomplishment of wishes so dangerous was timely prevented. Frugality, though we cannot consider it as a brilliant, may surely be classed among the number of useful and necessary virtues : it is the unassuming source of peace and contentment,—a kind of self-earned independance to a good and considerate mind, pleasant in the practice ; for we often find it necessary, and consoling in its effects, as it frequently serves to guard us from distress, and is not only a security from want, but the spring from whence we may procure to ourselves all the real comforts and many of the indulgencies

of life. I speak with confidence, because experience has convinced me of the truth of what I assert; and the more I see of the world, the more certain I am that it is the want of frugality which produces so much wretchedness to thousands. Young people, whose expectations are moderate, should limit their wishes to their situation, and, by the practice of unceasing industry, and the improvement of those talents which Providence may have given them, secure to themselves those enjoyments denied by fortune, and should not by idleness, and the vain desire of appearing what in reality they are not, by deceiving others, lay up a certain source of discomfort, disappointment, and disgrace, for themselves.

Industry, humility, and frugality, are riches which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, while those, who make a fortune by their own prudence and activity, generally enjoy it more rationally than those who become possessed of one from the rights of inheritance,

or

or the care and foresight of others. At a time when we hear so many complaining of hardships and distresses, if we could trace them to their foundation, we should at least find that half of them originated in themselves. The real miseries of life, like its real wants, are but few when compared with those introduced among mankind by luxury, vice, and pleasure. If people will step out of their sphere, and act in a character foreign to that for which they were designed, can it be a matter of surprise that so many are stopped in their career, and become the victims of their own mistaken and heedless conduct?

People in high life, who have ample fortunes to spend, are undoubtedly entitled to those indulgences which their rank may claim, and their income enable them to purchase. By circulating their money freely, they are encouraging trade, and, by making improvements and alterations on their estates, whether merely to please the eye, or

to increale their intrinsic value, is matter of indifference to those whom the owner employs. Yet, even among the higher ranks, it is too well known, that, without a proper attention to frugality, they bring upon themselves such embarrassments as totally deprive them of the comforts and blessings they might otherwise enjoy.

Can any circumstance in nature be more mortifying, more derogatory to the character of a gentleman, than to have his name, year after year, standing in the book of a little industrious tradesman, and to be familiarly addressed by his carpenter, bricklayer, taylor, or shoemaker, with — “ Sir, I must beg you will discharge this bill, which has already stood so long, that the interest of the money due has swallowed the little profit to which I was justly entitled.” — Where is the true spirit of independence? — where are the just principles of minds like these? — who, perhaps, to indulge themselves and families in some fashionable follies or unnecessary

cessary luxuries, distress the honest trader, by preventing his reaping, at a proper time, the fruits of his industry, and which an attention to frugality would effectually avoid.

In times like the present, when every article is nearly double the price it was twenty years ago, it is become more than ever incumbent on every one to pay particular attention to pecuniary matters. All the necessities of life being thus increased in price, (without mentioning an almost equal rise in its luxuries,) we may safely assert that every person's income is in consequence reduced to half its original value. Surely it is a very serious and alarming reflection, and ought to awaken people from that slothful inattention, or supineness, which prevents their breaking through habits formerly indulged, but of which their own prudence, and the exigencies of the times, should prevent the continuance.

I cannot drop this important subject without observing, that, if it is necessary for

people of fortune to make some retrenchments in the expenditure of their income, of how much more consequence is it to those of inferior rank to consider well how they employ their small pittance to the best advantage, that, by so doing, they may avert those evils which a contrary conduct must unavoidably produce.

To look into the world, and see the number of careless and unthinking people, who entail wretchedness on themselves and innocent families by their own foolish pride, prodigality, or intemperance, is as painful and alarming as it is degrading to the dignity of human nature. It is now almost impossible to know the servant from the mistress, or the footman from his master.— So much are people addicted to the love of dress and shew, that, to procure a few trumpery ornaments, we often see our misguided females part with the most valuable ornaments their sex can boast, that they may purchase those which do not become them, and appear what they are not.

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Ye, who are now going to engage in the cares of the world, to become the heads of families, and parents of a numerous race of helpless little innocents, fail not to recollect that you were once as helpless. It will bring to your minds the mighty debt you owe those aged parents who watched your infant days provided for your maturer years, and to whose frugal care you are indebted for the comforts you enjoy. They may want as much attention to be paid to them in the decline of life as you in infancy required. There are many less fortunate, who are obliged to trust to their own industry for support, whose thoughtless parents, inattentive to the calls of nature, may have expended that property which would have exempted their children from dependence or labour, let it, instead of making those children equally careless, stimulate them to exert themselves by acting a better and more endearing part ! Let it teach them wisdom, from the inconvenience they have experienced ! and let no

one, however exalted in station, or affluent in circumstances, be above looking into his own affairs! If it be attended with some trouble, it will likewise be accompanied with more than proportionable satisfaction; and let every one confine his wishes to his situation in life, and half the troubles and mortifications we complain of (however humble that situation may be) will be done away, while the self-approving reflection, which ever attends a rectitude of conduct, will amply repay any momentary mortification we inflict on ourselves from prudential motives.

Young people in general, on their entrance into life, are more anxious to make what is called a genteel figure than to procure a comfortable and secure establishment. Instead of looking lower, they are too apt to have their attention caught, and their wishes raised to those placed above them,—a certain source for repining and discontent. They do not give themselves the trouble

to

to inquire into the means by which their envied and more opulent neighbour is enabled to enjoy a greater number of comforts, but madly determine not to be outdone in hospitality or figure.

Alas ! that such false pride, such a foolish spirit, should blind and lead so many into trouble and misery, and tempt them to begin the world with indulging themselves in luxuries, which the industry and prudent foresight of those they wish to copy will but just enable them to enjoy ! Look around, and you will soon be able to discover numbers, who, after wasting every shilling they inherited from their parents, find those very people, who shared in their foolish prodigality, the first to neglect, despise, and shut their doors against them, and the most ready to condemn the folly they encouraged. How often too are they insulted by the distant and freezing civility of those who once professed to be their dearest friends, who eat at their table, and
eagerly

PARENTAL MONITOR.

eagerly sought their society, but who, on a reverse of fortune, will not even condescend to know them. From the example of others, to secure the peace and comfort of your future lives, I earnestly entreat you to confine your wants and wishes much within the bounds of your income; you may then, upon a very small fortune, taste the real pleasures of independence; and, while you intrude not on others to supply your wants, you have an undoubted right to spend what you can conveniently spare, without fearing sarcasm, or being accountable to any one.

“Hear the words of prudence; give ear unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart: her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her: she is the guide and the mistress of human life.

“Furnish thyself with the proper accommodations belonging to thy condition; yet spend not to the utmost of what thou
canst

canst afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thy old age.

“ Let not thy recreations be expensive, lest the pain of purchasing them exceed the pleasure thou hast in their enjoyment.

“ From the experience of others, do thou learn wisdom ; and from their failings correct thine own faults.

Yet expect not even from prudence infallible success ; for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.”

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

THE following observations on the alteration which has been made in the habits of living, being applicable to my subject, is, I hope a sufficient excuse for the introduction of them.

ON

ON THE LUXURY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE present complaints of scarcity of provisions, which are allowed to be well founded, have excited the meritorious labours of many persons of humanity and opulence, and various steps have been judiciously taken to alleviate an extent of distress, which it is found impossible immediately to remove all together.

Ruminating on these circumstances the other night, I was led to consider the subject in various lights, and, by digressing into the manners of common life, I had almost determined that the great causes of such evils in a nation are precisely the same; or nearly the same, which produce similar effects in the case of individuals; I mean the folly of living *up* to our income, and neither foreseeing nor providing for the evil day.—

Blest

Blest as we are in this country with a fruitful soil and a temperate and regular climate, we never suppose it possible that a time may come when our soil shall be less productive, and our climate less salubrious. We enjoy the present hour, and are satisfied ; and with more humanity than prudence, we assist others with what we consider as superfluous to ourselves. It is not uncommon to be pampered with wealth, but it is a misfortune to have never experienced want.

The modes of living in private families have undergone so complete a change within the last thirty years, that it may be doubted whether five hundred pounds per annum did not then go nearly as far as one thousand can go now. This some people affect to attribute to the progressive increase of taxes, but that I am persuaded, if well considered, will by no means account, in any perceptible degree, for the different value of money. Between thirty and forty years ago, what are called genteel families, in the middle ranks

ranks of life, substantial tradesmen for example, thought they entertained their friends in a very handsome manner if they gave a plain joint of meat and a pudding, with a moderate share of wine. The latter was generally purchased for the occasion from a neighbouring tavern, but no one thought of having a large stock on hand, partly because it was a temptation to consume it thoughtlessly, and partly because a great deal of money was thereby *sunk*.

A very eminent tavern-keeper, who some years before his death rose to the highest municipal offices in the city of London, has often related to his friends, that, when he lived as porter in the house, of which he afterwards became master, his employment all the morning was to collect in baskets the empty wine-bottles from reputable tradesmen's houses in the neighbourhood, who, having a friend to entertain, went as far as the luxury of one or two bottles of wine upon such great occasions.

Now

Now let us consider the difference of the present mode of living. When a tradesman of the same rank entertains company, the table is covered with a great variety of dishes, many of them expensive, and scarce vegetables, and rare fruits are procured at any price to grace the board. Instead of sending to the tavern for a few bottles of wine for the occasion, he presents you with wines of three or four kinds, and informs you that he has a pipe of one, half a pipe of another, and perhaps two pipes of a third, and what an excellent cellar he has built, which keeps his wine remarkably cool! To suppose that he had sent for the wine on purpose would not only be unjust, because untrue, but would be the greatest affront you could offer him. Now, if we take the most superficial estimate of the two dinners, we shall find that the one must necessarily be three times more expensive than the other,—a difference by no means created by taxes, but by the increased variety of expensive articles, and
the

the increased consumption, or, I am afraid, the increased waste.

It would be well if the evil (for an evil I cannot help thinking it is) were to stop here, but it descends into all the inferior ranks of life. The servants, whose number is considerably multiplied, by always sitting down to plentiful tables, acquire the same contempt for economy, and the same luxurious appetites as their masters, and equally learn to despise homely food and plain nourishment. Hence, when they come to distress, or to live upon their own earnings, they carry into the cottage the same appetites which can only be indulged in the mansion, and have few ideas of the art of making a little go a great way. Every person, therefore, who is conversant in the care of the poor knows how difficult it is to reconcile them to a homely diet, however nourishing and proper in their situation.

But to return to the manners of the middle ranks. Having established this mode
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of living, two consequences naturally follow ; the one is, that they cannot leave it off ; and the second, that it extends to every other department of gentility. In a tradesman's rooms you formerly saw no other ornaments than a print of the king and queen, or the family-pictures, stiff and starched, (but not unlike the originals,) in flowing perriwigs, and perhaps laced coats ; but a sideboard of plate was never heard nor dreamed of. Now you have not only an expensive sideboard of plate, but you behold the most elegant prints, and sometimes paintings, in rich and gaudy frames. It is nothing now to give eight or ten guineas for a pair of prints which are new and in the fashion ; and so much does this fashion change, that it is rare to see the same furniture of this kind for many years together ;—*Wolfe* must give way to *Chatham*, *Chatham* to *Valenciennes*, and *Valenciennes* to the *First of June*.

Proceeding farther, we find the same system expanding in every direction. The
smoke

smoke of the city becomes offensive, and its closeness unwholesome. There is, first, a temporary residence at some genteel, that is, expensive watering place ; and then a permanent villa, in the environs, with a lawn, shrubbery, hot-house, coach-house, stabling for eight or ten horses, and all the &c. belonging to such an establishment.— A coach-house must have a coach, and horses must be provided for the stables, and a groom for the horses. The young gentlemen of the family are provided with smart horses as soon, or a little before, as they are able to ride ; a fine-dressed servant to ride behind, and a fine sum of money, that they may not appear shabby. All these are natural consequences. It is true that these things are taxed, and perhaps heavily taxed, but it is equally true, that no man is obliged to pay the tax who does not use the article, and the necessity of such articles is a matter, at least in my mind, not decisively ascertained.

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These things were not known forty years ago. There was then a line of distinction drawn between the tradesman and the gentleman, which the former rarely, if ever, thought of jumping over. By *gentlemen*, it is obvious, that here are not meant those absurd things who call themselves gentlemen merely from wearing fine clothes, speaking big words, and insulting public decency, but gentlemen of birth, of landed and opulent estates, and whose stile of life was naturally more expensive and grand, and necessarily so, because an expensive establishment in the hands of a man of wealth is the only means by which he can encourage industry, and promote the happiness of his dependants and neighbours, and he could afford it better than those who live by the precarious advantages of trade. In probity, honour, and sometimes, perhaps, even in the actual wealth, a tradesman was his equal; but, in manners and mode of living, he thought it absurd to emulate him, and he thought justly.

In

In those days it must be allowed, that, when a tradesman had, by the assiduities of a long series of years, amassed a real and independent fortune, he extended his mode of living very considerably. He had his villa for the reception of his friends, for the elegant indulgencies of retirement, and sometimes, it might happen, for the reception of illustrious visitors, but the same prudence and good sense accompanied him in his elevation that had enabled him to attain it. His expences were such as he was entitled to contract, as some gratifying reward for a life spent in honourable industry. The elegant expences of a judicious man are always useful.

Besides, all this was performed in the decline of life. Just the reverse is the case now. Tradesmen, who wish to be thought genteel, begin precisely where they should leave off, and the consequence very frequently is, that they are compelled to leave off ere they have well begun, and pride does not easily conform itself to a change which must

must soon be proclaimed in public. They struggle by various improper means to support the grandeur they commenced with, and when support is no longer possible, they "dissolve," and literally "leave not a wreck behind." It would be unnecessary to comment on a practice so absurd and destructive, yet there are reasons why it ought to be condemned in the most severe manner.

First, because of its consequences upon the party himself. He is thus sent back into the world without friends; without credit, and without reputation, and he is driven to commit frauds and crimes at which he would have once startled with all the indignation of the most virtuous mind.

Secondly, it extends to his family, who, according to the same pernicious system, have been indulged in hopes which can never be gratified, and have received an education which unfits them for gaining a livelihood in ways that are humble and reputable. And, lastly, its effects upon so-

ciety in general are abundantly destructive. It destroys confidence between man and man, makes the whole system of life a deception, and encourages false manners, false civility, and pretended friendship. It then becomes every man's interest to deceive his neighbour, to take unfair advantages, and to leave the plain and equal path of moderate profits, for the wild visionary prospects of speculation. The true spirit of trade is lost, and that of adventure is substituted. The peace of a nation becomes thereby disturbed by the clamours of men, who, if they complained justly, would complain only of their own folly and madness.

Such is the unhappy infatuation, which too much prevails among a very numerous class of men, and such are the consequences which must ever follow, when men are regardless of the past and the future, and think only of present enjoyments. Those, who may be seduced by the same infatuation,

and

and have not yet suffered its punishment, would do well to remember in time, that there is no absolute necessity imposed upon any man to ruin himself for the gratification of his neighbours, and that the reign of fashion in trade is a mere usurpation, a slavery from which they will do well to emancipate themselves, by establishing that solid credit with the wise and the industrious which cannot be shaken by the hiss of ignorance, or the clamour of dissipation.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Notwithstanding so much has already been said on this subject, the great importance of it to the peace and comfort of individuals will, I trust, justify my prolixity, and sufficiently apologize for adding the following excellent extract.

H 2

“THE

“ THE last and most noble recommendation to frugality is, that it conduces to public strength. A frugal man is, with respect to external fortune, independent, and free from all enticements of corruption. We learn from history, that luxurious ages have always been ages of speculation and bribery; and, generally, the concluding seasons of the glory and liberty of a state.

“ It was so in ancient Sparta, where the victories of Lyfander and Agefilaus brought a flood of wealth into the city, which proved too strong for the admirable policy of Lycurgus. It was so in ancient Athens, where the command of the sea, and the dominion of the isles, raised an ungovernable petulance, which the strength of no nation under heaven could have supported. It was so in ancient Rome, where Crassus and Cæsar bought and sold the principal inhabitants by means of the horrid necessities into which their licentious pleasures had plunged them.

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H 3

CHARITY.

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H 3

CHARITY.

CHARITY.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind.
Knows with just reins and gentle hands to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride;
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n,
And opens in each heart a little heav'n.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
His proper bound and due restriction knows;
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its pow'r,
And, finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what heav'n decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

PRIOR.

No

NO virtue that we are taught to practise from the generous feelings of nature, or the divine precepts of our religion, spreads such a serene complacency over the mind, and affords so much real pleasure on reflection, as charity ;—that silent charity which, unsolicited, adds its mite to promote public donations, and does not omit to go in search of those sufferers who hide their wretched heads beneath the roof of penury, wishing to hoard their miseries in secret, and to conceal their wants from every eye but that which sees into the secrets of all hearts.

Let us not, in the distribution of our charity, forget to seek the patient and uncomplaining, who have seen better days, and were nursed in the lap of prosperity, but by unforeseen and perhaps undeserved mis-

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fortunes are reduced to indigence ; who, because they are unable to earn their bread, are ashamed to ask assistance from the hand of benevolence, and would gladly fly to the caverns of the earth to hide their wretched heads, rather than be a burthen upon their fellow-creatures. To relieve such with tenderness and compassion,—to see the tear of sensibility glitter with grateful delight on their care-worn cheek, must ever be a source of such real pleasure, as the applauding voice of thousands could not produce ; but, whenever we are tempted by the generous impulse of an unsuspecting heart to relieve the unworthy, who, in return for our bounty, will calumniate or apply our gifts to improper uses, let us recollect how much better it is to have part of our charity misapplied rather than one real sufferer should pass unrelieved.

True charity does not altogether consist in giving, or in the value of what we give, but in the principles and feelings by which
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our minds are actuated towards our distressed brethren. Our Saviour urges us to obey the divine impulse without hesitation, as it is not the gift, but the motive which inclines us to bestow the donation by which we are to judge of true charity.

This divine virtue is attended with such peculiar grace, that undoubtedly it will be highly acceptable in the sight of God. We find it, in many passages of Scripture, not only strongly enforced, but the most liberal rewards promised to those who practise it. It is recommended to us with a warmth and energy that seem particularly calculated to convince us how necessary the performance of this duty is, not only to our temporal, but to our eternal happiness; and, as if the final sentence of the last judgment rested upon it, — “Come, ye blessed of my Father, (says our Saviour,) inherit the kingdom prepared for you; for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat, &c.” And again he says, “Inasmuch as

ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

How must it cheer and revive the soul of a dying person to recollect in his last moments that he has, in the practice of this virtue, strictly obeyed the sacred and divine admonitions of his Saviour!—How consoling to his own mind the having endeavoured to soften the sorrows of those who applied to him for relief!—The comforts he afforded to others will return ten fold into his own bosom, and that at a time when all other earthly gratifications could avail him nothing.

Charity is not wholly confined to the giving alms. — Its influence is extended through every part of our conduct. It will prevent us from harshly condemning our neighbour, or joining to censure those with whom we associate. It will actuate us to become the defenders of those who are condemned without being called upon to justify themselves, where the suspicion may
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be unfounded, or the malicious tale exaggerated.

Supposing it otherwise, it is better, and ever more pleasant to judge on the favourable side, keeping in mind the warning given to us,—“Judge not, lest ye be judged.”—Even in crimes of the blackest and most atrocious nature, we are forbidden by him who knew no sin, not to accuse nor condemn any one.—“Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.” Never then let us be led by the good or ill will of the passing moment, to say any thing of our neighbours that will not bear the strictest scrutiny of truth!—We must not only forgive injuries, but avoid making any malicious observations on the conduct and behaviour of our acquaintance, and, when at any time compelled to speak of those frailties, which, from a conviction of not being right, we cannot and ought not to approve, we should ever mention them with compassionate tenderness.

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To lessen the sorrows of others, and endeavour to amend their hearts, must ever be a painfully pleasing task. Happy are those who, blest with affluence, are possessed of hearts to sympathize with the unfortunate ; who, in bestowing their gifts, will increase the value of them by the delicacy and gentleness of their manners. Such a refined, and, surely I may add, such a celestial employment will impart to the charitable breast an ample reward even in this life.

I cannot conclude this subject without adding an anecdote which does so much credit to the female sex, I should think myself inexcusable in omitting to introduce it nearly in the words of the author.

“ When forgiveness of the most aggravating injuries is united with charity, it appears angelic. Never did a certain lady, amiable as she is allowed to be, appear so charming as at the moment she accidentally discovered a young woman whom her vile husband had seduced, and then left to
perish,

perish, with two helpless infants, of whom he was the father.

This excellent wife relieved the distresses of the unhappy creatures with equal compassion and delicacy,—supplied the woman with every requisite of life,—placed her two poor infants in her house, where she fed and clothed them with her own hands. The mild reproof she gave her unworthy husband on this occasion (if a reproof it could be called) was only this: “Why (said she with an angel’s sweetness) did you leave these little innocents to perish?—Did you think I had so narrow a heart as not to take an interest in whatever is your’s?—Be assured, on that account, these poor babes will be ever dear to me.”

This was indeed the triumph of virtue,—the purest charity. The husband, abashed, felt it in all its force.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

“ Be always more ready to forgive than to return an injury : he, that watches for an opportunity of revenge, lieth in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

“ A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon the fire, abateth his heat : and, from an enemy, he shall become a friend.”

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

TO forgive injuries is a proof of a great and noble mind, properly trained to follow the example of that blessed Redeemer who not only forgave, but prayed for his barbarous murderers. The most cruel insults, the most indignant taunts, could not for one moment discompose or ruffle that divine equanimity of temper which he preserved during the most dreadful torments
that

that human nature could endure : not one complaint was he heard to utter ; not once did he wish for vengeance on his unfeeling persecutors, who stood around, exulting in his sufferings.

It may be said, that the example I have called upon you to follow is not that of a mere mortal, but the son of that Almighty Being who created all things. If the Son of God, when he condescended to take our nature upon him, had not submitted to feel our infirmities, it would have been no sacrifice, neither would it have atoned for the mighty debt he took upon him to pay for our redemption. But, alas, he suffered more than ever man suffered, and, during the most excruciating agonies, with all the energy of piety, he supplicated his Father to forgive his enemies, nobly pleading their ignorance as their excuse.

History likewise presents us with many noble instances of the same divine temper being shewn by men who fell victims to the
ambitious

ambitious and artful stratagems of the wicked. In the eventful history of our own country, we shall find many such occur, while the recent one which happened in a neighbouring kingdom may perhaps more forcibly impress itself upon your minds ; but why do I say one ? when with equal truth I might have added a hundred examples of persons whose resignation at meeting death, from the injurious hands of injustice and oppression, was truly great and heroical.

The last trying scenes in the life of the unhappy queen of France were such as proved her endued with the most patient and forgiving fortitude, that must render her name respected and revered by future generations ; and, while they lament her sufferings, they will be led to conclude the mind must be noble which enabled her in the prison's gloom, insulted, oppressed, and dragged before an unjust tribunal, to hear the sentence of an ignominious death pronounced against her, without one friend to support

port her, one eye to look with tenderness upon her ; yet, thus barbarously reviled, she reviled not again. The queen of France, in her last moments, was greater than when she sat upon the Gallic throne, surrounded with all the splendors of the East, when the luxuries of every country were at her command, and every knee paid the willing tribute of obeisance.

If we admit a desire of revenge to take possession of our mind, we encourage an enemy as destructive to our own peace as it would actuate us to be to that of others.— Under the guidance of such a leader, we should be reduced into a thousand crimes, from which, in our less impassioned moments, our souls would shrink affrighted. The dark shade, in which this diabolical passion is enveloped, will throw a perpetual gloom around us, and prove an impenetrable barrier, an invincible enemy to every true enjoyment. No more would peace and harmony accord with the temper of our minds, which, under the influence of revenge, may justly be compared

pared to that of Satan, when driven from the mansions of the blessed, to associate with those who had fallen, like himself, the victims of their own vile propensities.

Anger is natural to the disposition of man, and derives its origin from the passions and frailties by which he is encompassed : but revenge is unnatural, because it transfers the hatred only due to vice to the being who is unfortunately misled by it. As the forgiveness of injuries is the proof of a great mind, it naturally follows that revenge is equally so of one debased and depraved,—of a temper fullen, dark, and ferocious, bereaved of all those divine qualities which alone can enable us to look up to heaven for support or protection. To yield to its influence is to submit to the most abject and disgraceful slavery.

But, while we keep ourselves serene and composed, while we admit no ungentle guest to gain an ascendancy over us, and can calmly and sincerely forgive those who have injured us, we become in part fit for those
scenes

scenes of rest and peace reserved for us in those regions where revenge can never enter. Serenity of mind is a most desirable blessing, the only source from which we can extract contentment. Deprived of this, we can feel no relish for any pleasure, however pure or innocent.—Possessed of it, the soul can remain composed amidst the gloom of a prison, and, fortified by its own tranquillity, bid defiance to the fury of surrounding storms.

He, that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i'the center, and enjoy bright day ;
But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
Himself is his own dungeon.

PRIOR.

Peace to the mind is like health to the body : it unites all the feelings in harmony, and gives strength and firmness to our actions. Though the rough billows of misfortune should roll over our heads, we shall stand like a rock unmoved and unsubdued. To forgive injuries is to place a guard against
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the attacks of our enemies, which, in the end is sure to conquer our most formidable adversaries, and secure us a victory, whose reward will be brilliant and immortal; while those unfortunate beings, who keep alive and cherish a desire of revenge, will find the noxious seeds not only destructive to inward peace, but a continual fountain of unceasing distress.



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HUMILITY.

Th'unbusied shepherd, stretch'd beneath the hawthorn,
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd heav'ns,
Enjoys a sweeter shade than that of canopies,
Hemm'd in by cares, and shook by storms of treason.

HILL.

———— Greatness has its cares ;
Princes have but their titles for their glories,—
An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of inward cares ;
So that between their titles and low name
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SHAKESPEARE.

HOWEVER high the crest of pride
may carry itself, it can never know
half the innate satisfaction which the hum-
ble

ble and unassuming enjoy within themselves.

So far from murmuring at the dispensations of Providence, for having placed them in the vale of life, they are ever inclined to think the favours they have received exceed their deserts, and therefore relish every blessing thrown in their way. They regard their superiors with a respect unmixed with envy or regret, and, when they look on those below themselves it is with compassionate affection, and a wish that they were able to bestow on them such comforts as they enjoy.

This humble temper, among the long catalogue of virtues, appears to be one of the most desirable. It is not only a rich treasure in itself, and always pleasing to others, but was held in the highest estimation, and frequently recommended by the inspired writers.

However unassuming in itself, this virtue is of the highest rank. It has nothing
mean

mean nor derogatory to the dignity of human nature attached to it, but is composed of an ingenuous disposition of mind, which originates from an impartial knowledge of ourselves, and a true sense of our wants and infirmities. It is generally accompanied by gentleness and meekness, is nearly allied to mercy and charity ;—in fact, it may claim relationship with every virtue.

Humility inculcates submission to our superiors, will induce us to pay them that respect which is their due, and to suppress every inclination to asperse or depreciate their characters ; but, while it appears to yield, it is equally a stranger to mean servility or implicit submission, and permits no infringements to be made on piety or virtue. With envy it is unacquainted, and feels a pleasure in the prosperity of others, and knowing that all are subject to the same frailties and passions, it is never eager to expose, or loud in condemning them ; but, if ever led to censure, it censures with gentleness and can-

candour: its reward is lodged beyond the reach of human sight, or mortal contingencies. Just to the merits of others, it remains insensible to its own, and never wishes to place them on an eminence that should attract the eye of observation, or claim the applauses of the multitude. It neither insults imperfection of mind or body, nor triumphs over mean birth or humble fortune, but, knowing that we all spring from the same dust, it will not disclaim affinity with the most lowly or unfortunate.

In order to engage our affections to this virtue, we have only to trace its beauty in the life of our Saviour, in which it shone with such peculiar lustre, that, haughty indeed must be the soul which does not yield to its seducing influence. He was lowly in heart, submitted to indignities without murmur or complaint,—was indigent in circumstances,—endured all the infirmities of our nature,—and humbled himself to hear, relieve, and serve, the lowest of those

those creatures whose form he had before assumed.

Let us then, to increase our virtue and promote our happiness, cherish humility in our bosoms! If we submit ourselves to its guidance, it will lead us gently and peaceably through this vale of tears, prove a guard against those turbulent and lofty passions which originate in pride, ambition, and a love of power, preserve a calm and resigned serenity within; and, by creating no enemy without, secure us the full enjoyment of as much happiness as was designed for our portion in this world of incertitude and imperfection.

Pride is too often miscalled greatness of spirit, by which injudicious mistake we are apt to deceive ourselves in our endeavours to mislead others.

Let every one make an appeal to his own conscience, and he cannot be deceived. Let him lay aside all self-partiality, and he will soon be able to distinguish

whether he be endued with that true humility which is so strongly recommended, and so beautifully enforced in the life and actions of the Son of God.



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THE INNOCENT PLEASURES OF LIFE CONTRASTED WITH THE FOLLY OF AMBITION.

Emma, were you lone cottage mine,
Conceal'd from public view,
The charms of splendour I'd resign,
And bid the world adieu.

Should fortune on our wishes frown,
And wealth her gifts deny,
Its humble roof content should crown,
And peace their place supply.

We'd mark the infant-bud of spring,
The summer's blossom'd hoard,
And Autumn's richest treasures bring,
To deck our simple board.

S. B.

TO enjoy the innocent pleasures of life with prudence and moderation was undoubtedly the design of Providence in
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having bestowed them ; yet, however tempting and gratifying, however pleasant to the taste and flattering to the senses, our most favourite amusements cease to be innocent the moment we overstep the bounds of discretion in the indulgence of them.

To war with the passions of erring nature, in order to conquer and subdue them, is the province of man. There it is he may shew his superiority ; and, though the contest may be hard, victory amply repays the pains we take to secure it.

The mind, anxious after knowledge, and emulous to excel in whatever it undertakes, may be gratified and amused in its progress of improvement by the very means it takes to obtain it.

READING, for instance, affords the most innocent and refined pleasure : it enlarges the soul, and supplies perpetual sources of instruction and entertainment. To others, MUSIC has its ten thousand charms, and its beguiling harmony will at times not
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only enliven the most serious, but alleviate the sorrows of the unfortunate.

The study of BOTANY, to the curious admirer of the beauties of nature, opens a vast field for instructive and interesting amusement. In the investigation of inanimate nature, we are led progressively to recollect the divine, the almighty Architect, who formed so many wonders, that a whole life, spent in studying and contemplating them, could discover but a very small part of the mighty whole. Who, that ever pays attention to the profusion and variety of herbs, plants, and flowers, but must bow with gratitude and delighted awe to that indulgent and tender Parent, who bestowed on man such innumerable blessings, to render his existence valuable.— The earth at his command yields its increase to supply our wants, and from its bosom not only produces sufficient to support our nature, heal our wounds, and cure our infirmities, but to gratify our

thirst after knowledge. Even the untaught Indian knows how to apply its healing benefits ; not a field, hill, nor valley, but yields its hoards to strew our path with flowers, or contribute to our comforts ; while the luscious fruits, so liberally given to please our appetites, afford us a healthy employment in training their luxuriant branches into order and maturity.

There is not a flower, nor even a weed, that springs from the earth, but shews the signature of almighty wisdom in its nature and effect. This lesson, if properly attended to, would surely prevent the smallest spark of vanity from resting in our bosoms ; for not one of the least of these wonders could the wisest of men either form or call into being. Even the grass we tread under our feet is of a texture beyond our comprehension to explain. — The birds, which lightly skim over our heads as we creep along, wrapped up in our imagined consequence, are endued with such powers as man can neither attain nor imitate.

PAINT-

PAINTING is as gratifying to the artist as to the spectator. The amusement it affords is inexhaustible. By its aid we retain the likeness of those we love, when their features may be disfigured in the dust ; or, if seas divide us, we may still feel a pleasure in the contemplation of their image.

Still more interesting and astonishing is the study of ASTRONOMY, by which we are enabled to trace unnumbered worlds in their steady, grand, and awful progress through the regions of immeasurable space.

How cold, insensible, and unfeeling, must be the mind which can contemplate the vaulted arch of heaven with indifference !—an arch so immense, yet so brilliantly adorned ! What eye can ever be raised to such a splendid and glorious scene without instantly acknowledging the incomprehensible and wondrous power of the Being by whom they were formed, and who suspends and directs them in their unerring course !

To recapitulate the innumerable variety of innocent but inferior sources of amusement to the human mind would be tedious, and I should hope unnecessary.—As many of the enjoyments of life are in every one's power to acquire, they must cater for themselves, according to their humour and taste, and will find no reproaches from their own conscience in the indulgence of their wishes, so long as they confine them within the bounds of reason and virtue.

Every one has a right to chalk out such a scene of pleasant and rational amusement as his inclination may lead him to adopt ;—it is to become less dependent upon the world, for our comforts. There may be found those, who, engaged in different pursuits, more ambitious or profitable, will laugh, sneer, and pretend to feel a sovereign contempt for all rational enjoyments.

Eager after wealth, they are paying their court to every rising sun of prosperity,
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and will cringe and lick the feet of the prosperous scoundrel, but turn with ridicule and scorn from the virtuous and humble, however brilliant their abilities or useful their talents. From such characters may heaven ever guard you! Be assured, they who can stoop to such humiliations are as insensible to the works of nature and art as to the feelings and dignity of their nature.

AMBITION is too often an ignis fatuus that misleads us from true happiness, and at last involves us in a labyrinth of real misery.—Ah! could those proud and aspiring mortals, whose employment it is to crush the designs of others in order to aggrandise themselves,—who are too haughty and high minded to be amused, like the followers of genius and science, and whom the world, extensive and spacious as it is, can scarcely be said to have sufficient room to accommodate,—could they once be prevailed upon to take a peep into the sad and cheerless habitations of their

departed ancestors, it would surely make them start for a time, — throw a cloud over their most sanguine designs, and in spite of their self-raised consequence and unbounded hopes, convince them how futile is the ambition by which the most aspiring are actuated, — how false, unsatisfactory, and deceitful, are human expectations, — and of how little importance are the distinctions between man and man, — distinctions which death in one short moment can remove, by bringing high and low, rich and poor, upon a level.



ON

ON THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns as fortune shifts the scene.
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
Then fall so hard, they bound, and rise again.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

WE need look only a very little way into the world, and observe with attention the sudden and surprising changes which succeed each other in the situations of many with whom we associate, to be convinced how little dependence is to be placed even on rank the most exalted, or on fortune however abundant.

The last five years of this eventful age have been productive of such wonderful vicissitudes to thousands, as history never be-

fore recorded. In this nation there are at this very hour many worthy and noble emigrants, who, driven from a neighbouring kingdom, are reduced to the hard necessity of working with common labourers, or earning their scanty meal by following some mean mechanical trade ; yet these men, thus humbled by the strange revolutions of fortune, once possessed a princely revenue, and, furrounded with splendor, enjoyed all the luxuries of life : they had only to express their wishes, and they were instantly gratified, while a number of attendants were ever found ready to obey their commands. Ah ! who, that has seen them thus situated, could have supposed they would ever have experienced a change so humiliating and distressing ! Yet who is he that will dare to say his foot shall stand secure, or that an equal share of woe may not be his portion ? If such then is the incertitude of all worldly enjoyments, what folly it is in mortals to place their hopes and wishes where they cannot command the security

curity of one fleeting moment, or find a shelter from sorrow and misery ! The two great trials of the human mind are adversity and prosperity.

The youthful and unthinking consider the first as the enemy from whom they have most to dread, and look up to the second as a friend from whom they have every thing to hope. Alas ! the danger of both is equal. How often do we see the giddy and the thoughtless so intoxicated by prosperity, as almost to forget they are mortal, while the despondency of those who are pursued by adversity is equally blameable. Both are arduous and dangerous scenes of action, and though the man who supports the one with placid humility is justly entitled to respect and praise, surely he, who meets the other with unshaken fortitude and pious resignation, maintains a higher, a superior character.

By adversity man is taught to place some dependence upon himself, under the gui-

dance of Providence. Forfaken by pretended friends, and insulted by enemies, he sees the world in its true colours: he will exert every faculty of his mind to struggle through the difficulties by which he is encompassed, and prepares himself to encounter with resignation every farther change of fortune, and, if he has genius, he is stimulated to the improvement of it.

By adversity the mind has been proved to possess virtues which prosperity would never have brought to maturity. In a state of trial we acquire fortitude, and in feeling hardships learn to compassionate the misfortunes of others; and, should the prospect change, would as carefully avoid arrogance in prosperity as we had preserved equanimity and composure in adversity.

True wisdom will furnish arms for both the combats. What we often call good fortune sometimes proves the reverse, by introducing us to the luxuries and vices of
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which it will tempt us to partake ; but he, who expects to find them the sources of happiness, will soon be convinced that he has fixed his hopes on a foundation so unstable, that the first gust of wind will reduce the edifice lower than the point from which it rose, and that what are idly called good things, are the subtlest poisons in disguise.

Prosperity is a honied sweet, tempting to the senses, but very apt to corrupt the heart. Adversity is a wholesome bitter, unpleasant to the taste, though it seldom fails to strengthen and improve the mind.— Instead, therefore, of calling this evil and that good, let us remember that it depends on the mind to make them either one or the other. Misfortunes happen to all ; but he who feels them can alone determine whether they shall prove a blessing or a curse ; for it is not to be doubted but the virtuous sufferer enjoys more peace of mind when buffeted by the rudest storms, than the successful villain, surrounded with all
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the gaudy pageants of unbounded wealth. Custom makes many things easy to us which at a distance we have beheld with terror and disgust. The slave, when inured to toil, will be cheerful at the oar ; the timid will tremble at first going upon the sea, be it ever so calm, while the old mariner will sing in the midst of the gale.

Reflection will disarm the greatest evils ; it will keep the mind in a constant state of preparation, for whatever changes may happen to us ; while the giddy are overtaken in their hours of thoughtless security, and by being unprepared for the contest sink beneath the storm.

A wise king, in time of peace, keeps his kingdom in a state prepared for war, by which means he is constantly guarded against the most subtle attacks of his enemies. So likewise should we keep our minds prepared for every change, while we walk through the thorny and slippery paths of life ; by which means we secure the certain pleasure
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of finding a thousand unavoidable trials much easier to bear than we expected.— We shall thus exercise the innate virtue of our souls, and prepare them for immortality.

Do not misunderstand me, by supposing I would wish any one of my readers to be regardless of the affairs of this world. I would only recommend their not rating them higher than they deserve, and never, in the moment of prosperity, to think themselves invulnerable to the arrows of adversity.

The following instances, which I have selected from a much greater number, will serve to shew the vicissitudes of all earthly enjoyments, and perhaps more strongly impress themselves upon the mind than all the arguments of the plainest or most refined reasoning. Facts are stubborn things: may they prove useful, by convincing every one of the wisdom and necessity of fixing their hopes on those things which will increase.

crease in value when all the gew-gaws of this unstable world will have lost their influence, and stand exposed in all their original nothingness! Neither let us repine at the uncertainty of our present possessions. The veil which the Almighty has chosen to place over futurity, it would be as prophane as unavailing for us to wish to have withdrawn.

Presumptuous man, the reason would'st thou find,
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
 First, if thou can'st, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
 Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

SOME years ago died at Bishopstrow, her native place, near Warminster, in Wilts,
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the celebrated Juliana Papjoy, in the sixty-seventh year of her age. In her youth, being very handsome and genteel, she was taken notice of by the late celebrated Beau Nash, a gentleman noted for his gallantry, dress, and generosity, when he soon prevailed on her to tread the flowery paths of pleasure with him. She was accordingly ushered into the blaze of the world, was mounted on a fine horse, and had a servant to attend her.

This seemingly happy state continued some time ; but, at last, Mr. Nash's finances being low, a separation took place, when poor Juliana experienced a sad reverse of fortune, and was driven to almost the lowest ebb of misery. However, she did not, like too many of her sisterhood, take to parading the streets for a livelihood, but to a very uncommon way of life. Her principal residence she took up in a large hollow tree, now standing within a mile of Warminster, on a lock of straw, resolving never
more

more to lie in a bed, and she was now as good as her word, for she made that tree her habitation for between thirty and forty years, unless when she made her short peregrinations to Bath, Bristol, and the gentlemen's houses adjacent ; she then laid in some barn or outhouse. In the summer-time she went a *simpling*, and occasionally carried messages. At last, worn out with age and inquietude, she determined to die in the house where she was born ; accordingly, a day before her exit, she reached the destined habitation, where she laid herself on some straw, and finished her mortal pilgrimage.

THERE is now, literally begging in the public streets, and almost lost for want of food, a gentleman, who, in the earlier parts of his life, possessed an estate of near one thousand pounds a year, and held a commission in the cavalry, who served abroad with great

great credit, and whose character in private life was unexceptionable.

The cause of this sad reverse of fortune was a law-suit, which in the event proved unlucky, and to support which, he not only sold his patrimonial property, but his post in the army also.

His principal support, for some years past, has been private donations from military gentlemen, who knew him in his prosperity.
—But charity soon tires!

A poor ecclesiastic, who resided in a village at two leagues distance from Picardy, and lived upon the little he gained by saying daily mass, has lately inherited from a relation in England, (whom he thought had been dead some years,) £100,000 sterling, and twenty houses in the city of London.

Some time since arrived at Brighton, from France, Madam Noailles. This lady, whose husband

husband is among the emigrants, has gone through incredible hardships, with a fortitude almost unparalleled, — She reached Dieppe, with an infant-child and its nurse. These got away without much difficulty, the woman passing the infant as her own; but it was some days before the real mother could make her escape. During the whole time she was obliged to appear in male and mean attire. She once offered herself to a collier to work her passage as a sailor, but was refused; at length, however, urged by despair, and disclosing her real situation to the captain of one of the packets, he, with much humanity, contrived to bring her off, concealing her under a coil of cable upon the deck, where she was obliged to lie for fourteen hours, and was landed safe, nearly exhausted with the fatigue and terrors she had undergone.

VOLTAIRE, talking of the famous Catharine of Russia, who was an orphan, educated

cated out of mere charity, became a common servant, but afterwards, for her rare qualities of mind, exalted to be the wife of Peter the Great, has the following apposite reflection.

“It is certain that birth makes no more difference between one man and another, than an ass, whose father carried dung, and an ass whose father drew a prince’s carriage. Education makes a great difference,—talents make a greater,—but fortune the greatest of all.”

TWO REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

(From Mr. Bruce’s Memoirs.)

AMONG the instances of wonderful vicissitudes of fortune, none perhaps afford a greater scope to speculation than the private life of the King of Poland, and Prince Menzikoff, of Russia. The former, whom the writer of this article knew at Paris, maintained and supported by the benevolence
of

of a rich lady in that city, who applied her great wealth to the noblest use, by making it the patrimony of genius in distress, was suddenly called from a state of real indigence to the crown of Poland.

Hardly seated on that tottering throne, the new king saw himself attacked by the heads of a powerful conspiracy, dragged from his palace, and carried off by a party of ruffians, into a solitary wood, doomed to be butchered by these hired assassins. Left to the care of one of the villains, while the rest were gone a little way, the prince endeavoured to assuage the barbarous heart of the wretch, who held a clasped knife to his heart. Never was the power of eloquence, and of a certain dignity of mien, so strongly exemplified. Moved by the king's expostulations, struck with the force of conscious innocence pleading its own cause, and awed by the royal presence, the assassin foregoes his bloody purpose, and becomes the preserver of that very life which he was hired to destroy. It is but justice

justice to add, that that noble virtue, so little known to the great, heaven born gratitude, was displayed by the sovereign in favour of his preserver, in a manner that does the greatest honour to the feelings of the monarch, and makes even his enemies rejoice that their murderous purpose was so fortunately defeated.

PRINCE MENZIKOFF was born of genteel, but very poor parents, who left him very young, without any education, inso-much that he could neither read nor write, nor ever did he to the day of his death.—His poverty obliged him to seek a service in Moscow, where he was taken into the house of a pastry-cook, who employed him in crying minced pies about the streets; and, having a good voice, he also sung ballads, whereby he was so generally known, that he had access into all the gentlemen's houses.

The Czar, (Peter the Great,) by invitation, was to dine one day at a boyar's, or
VOL. III. K lord's,

lord's, and Menzikoff, happening to be in the kitchen that day, observed the boyar giving directions to his cook about a dish of meat he said the Czar was fond of, and into which he himself put some kind of powder by way of spice.—The boy, taking particular notice of what meat the dish was composed, endeavoured to make himself conspicuous at the arrival of the Czar, who, observing him, asked whether he would sell his basket. Menzikoff made a reply which so well pleased the monarch, that he ordered him to attend him.

This the young man accepted with great cheerfulness, and, standing behind the Czar's chair, whispered him not to taste of the dish before him. Having retired with the Czar into a private room, he acquainted his sovereign with what he had seen in the kitchen. Peter returned into the dining-room, without betraying the least mark of concern; and, on the boyar's pressing his majesty to
eat

eat of a dish for which he had always shewn such predilection, the Czar desired his host to set him the example. Upon his refusal, some of the meat was given to a dog ; it threw him into convulsions, and death shortly ensued. This remarkable introduction soon gained him credit and confidence with the Czar, by which, from being one of the meanest and poorest, he raised himself to be one of the richest subjects in the Russian empire. He was not only dignified with the title of a prince in Russia, but also declared a prince of the Roman empire,

THE ADVANTAGES OF RELIGIOUS RETIRE-
MENT AND REFLECTION.

Man, know thyself ; all wisdom centers there !

YOUNG.

——— For of all

Th'inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal measures ; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly.

AKENSIDE'S PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

HAPPY is it for those who wish to
indulge serious reflections, if their
circumstances will sometimes permit them
to withdraw from the world, and enjoy in
the sober and peaceful shades of retirement,
that

that uninterrupted intercourse with their God and themselves, which they are unable to do when engaged in the bustle of business, or the fascinating pursuits of pleasure !

On this, as on some other subjects I once before addressed you, but as they tend to our present as well as future happiness, we cannot dwell on them too much, or hear them too often repeated.

4 Active life, it is true, is the principal scene for the virtuous efforts of genius and industry to gain reward ; but, after that has been obtained, retirement is the wholesome recipe to secure the applauding approbation of our own hearts ; for there, and there only, can we learn to know ourselves.

Let our situation be what it will, it is requisite to devote some part of our time to serious reflection, or we shall never be able to acquire consistency of conduct or excel-

lency of character. Amidst the various and busy scenes of life, our inclinations are apt to dress every object of our pursuit in colours the most flattering to our taste, the most pleasant to our senses, and sober reason admonishes in vain, till we retire from the scene of action ; then it is she will regain her influence, and our intoxicated passions will be reduced to order and subjection ; for, without observing the strictest discipline over them, we are of all creatures the most miserable. In the friendly stillness of retreat we may obtain this victory : there we may calmly sit down to recollect the past, look forward to the future, and form plans of felicity not only for this transitory scene, but for the important security of a happy immortality.

Unfortunately men of business or pleasure are too often inattentive to the concerns of futurity. They make, perhaps,

haps, resolutions to reform their own hearts, but are apt to defer too long the execution of them, by which neglect bad habits gain such strength and ascendancy over their minds, that, what would in the beginning have been an easy task, is found too hard to be accomplished, without more time and labour than they are inclined, or perhaps able, to bestow upon it.

How requisite is it then, while we have youth, health, and strength, to habituate ourselves to a friendly intercourse with our Creator ! This world would then soon sink in our estimation, and the more important concerns of eternity obtain that superior influence to which they are so justly entitled, and our present state, which is merely a school, a pilgrimage to fit us for heaven, we shall then see stripped of many flattering disguises.

We shall determine no longer to make this abode the seminary of vice, and, whatever pernicious principles, or dangerous pas-

sions, may have stolen into our bosoms, we shall quickly eradicate them, and the sweets of a good conscience, far superior to the admiration of the multitude, far more valuable than riches and honours, to obtain which the true felicity of man is often sacrificed, will be an ample reward.

That many persons may wish for leisure to retire sometimes from the world who cannot gain it, I grant ; but surely all may find time to withdraw to their closets, in order to look into themselves, and see how their account stands with heaven.

If this important business be neglected, all other accounts will come to a poor and unprofitable reckoning ; for never can we form a just estimate of worldly things till we have accustomed ourselves to contemplate the perfections of that Divine Being, under whose protection we are placed, and, by sometimes anticipating the moment of our dissolution, we shall learn to despise those

those vanities by which we may be enslaved.

At that awful period, what we now regard as our highest enjoyments, will appear as momentary nothings : the sweetest scenes of nature will then lose their power to charm, or the most gloomy to disgust : the loftiest and noblest heights of human grandeur will sink in our estimation, and fade away with the humbler but more valuable recollections of domestic bliss. Then the most exalted characters, whose genius soared almost to sublime, or the heroes, who conquered nations, will form only a vision, whose colours fade and vanish from our feeble sight.

As retirement is conducive to reflection, and sometimes to reflect is necessary to our happiness, I shall, without any further apology, introduce the following essay, the sentiments of which perfectly coincide with my own.

ON THE PLEASURES OF REFLECTION.

THAT the enjoyment of the intellect exceed the pleasures of sense is a truth confessed by all who are capable of exerting the faculties of thinking in their full vigour.— But by these pleasures are generally understood sublime contemplations on subjects of science and abstruse disquisition,—contemplations which can only be the result of uncommon powers and extraordinary efforts.

But there are intellectual pleasures of another kind, for the enjoyment of which neither abilities nor learning are required.— These are no others than the pleasures of reflection, which are open to the illiterate mechanic as well as the sage philosopher, and constitute the sweetest satisfactions of human life.

There

There are few who have not felt pleasing sensations, arising from a retrospective view of the first period of their lives. To recollect the puerile amusements, the petty anxieties, and the eager pursuits of childhood, is a task in which all delight. It is common to observe, that, on no subject do men dwell with such pleasure, as the boyish tricks and wanton pranks which they practised at school. The hoary head looks back with a smile of complacency, mixed with regret, on the season when health glowed on the cheek, when lively spirits warmed the heart, and when toil strung the nerve with vigour.

Cicero has remarked, that events the most disagreeable, during their immediate influence, give an exquisite satisfaction when their consequences have ceased; and *Æneas* solaces his companions, under the hardships they endured, with the consideration, that the remembrance of their sufferings would one day give them satisfaction. That these

sentiments are just is well known to those who have enjoyed the conversation of the foldier. Battles, skirmishes, and sieges, at which perhaps he trembled during the action, furnish him with topics of conversation and sources of pleasure for the remainder of his life.

Reflection is the most proper employment, and the sweetest satisfaction, in a rational old age. Destitute of strength and vigour necessary for bodily exertions, and furnished with observations by experience, the old man finds his chief employment and his greatest pleasure to consist in wandering in imagination over past scenes of delight, in recounting the adventures of his youth, the vicissitudes of human life, and the public events to which he is proud of having been an eye-witness. Of so exalted a nature are these enjoyments, that theologists have not hesitated to assert, that to recollect a well-spent life is to anticipate the bliss of a future existence.

The

The professors of philosophy, who will be acknowledged to have understood the nature of true and substantial pleasure better than the busy, the gay, and the dissipated, have ever shewn a predilection for privacy and solitude. No other cause have they assigned for their conduct in forsaking society, than that the noise and hurry of the world are incompatible with the exertion of calm reason and dispassionate reflection. The apothegm of that ancient, who said "He was never less alone than when by himself," is not to be considered as a mere epigrammatic turn. In vain was it to pursue philosophy in the Saburra,—she was only to be courted with success in the sequestered shade of rural retirement.

Were the powers of reflection cultivated by habit, mankind would at all times be able to derive a pleasure from their own breasts as rational as it is exalted. To the attainment of this happiness, a strict adherence to the rules of virtue is necessary ;
for,

for, let it be remembered, that none can feel the pleasures of reflection who do not enjoy the peace of innocence..

SELF-

SELF-APPROBATION.

Commune with thyself, O man, and consider wherefore thou art made.

Contemplate thy powers, contemplate thy wants and thy connexions, so shalt thou discover the duties of life, and be directed in all thy ways.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

THE unfortunate being, whose conscience is not at peace with itself, must ever be restless and uncomfortable. His mind may justly be compared to a kingdom in a state of civil war, teeming with danger from internal commotions, and alarmed

larded with fears, lest foes from abroad should take advantage of its divided state to involve it in greater and more extensive miseries.

Self-approbation can never be possessed by the wicked man, for the most thoughtless must sometimes feel his own folly, and the most abandoned recollect his crimes. —“ A wounded conscience who can bear ?”

Self reproach penetrates through every barrier raised against it ; it envelops in darkness the fairest prospects, or the most brilliant fortune, and, however liberally we may be indulged with what are called the good things of this life, they will be deprived of all their value from the moment our own heart becomes our accuser.— If we do not deserve it, applause, instead of proving pleasant to the possessor, will be a serpent, which, however carefully we may conceal in our bosom, will still retain its power to wound.

On

On the contrary, self-approbation is a perpetual good, which, like a true and sincere friend, will stand by us in all the storms of life : though the world shall frown, that will never forsake us. Friends, fortune, may be lost, but a soul at peace with itself will enable us to say with holy Job, “ The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away : blessed be the name of the Lord.” The mind which preserves conscious integrity can never be desolate nor unprotected.

When our misfortunes proceed from a steady and uniform perseverance in the paths of rectitude and virtue, which, strange as it may appear, will sometimes happen from the inexplicable nature of the things of this world, how delightful is the reflection that we have not brought them upon ourselves, nor received the bribe of iniquity to procure relief ! Then it is that self-approbation proves its real value by alleviating the most poignant miseries : then, either pain or poverty becomes a treasure of
more

more intrinsic worth than thousands of gold or silver. With what pleasure can a person thus situated reflect on the temptations he has avoided ! with what complacency and satisfaction look back on a well-spent life !— Not all the buffetings of the world can disturb the permanent peace, the resigned composure which is lodged within his soul. It is not the opinion of others that can affect the repose of him, who, after the strictest examination of his conduct, has the innate comfort of knowing that his accounts with heaven and his conscience are kept fair and regular, clear from the dark blots of intentional evil or premeditated guilt ; and, what is still more consoling, he may humbly hope that when he is summoned into the presence of his God and his Redeemer, he shall be abundantly rewarded for the integrity he preserved on earth, and, in the following sublime and soul-enlivening language of Scripture, be invited into the mansions of eternal bliss, “ Come, ye blessed

fed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundations of the world."

HAF-

HAPPINESS.

Through all the varying scenes of human life,
Teeming with cares, with sorrow, and with strife,
Whether peace smile, and plenty blest the land,
Or war extends its desolating hand,
To gain this treasure all make equal claim,
Yet all, alas! are said to miss their aim.
That gem, call'd happiness, so rare to find,
Eludes the vigilance of all mankind ;
Wherever seen, so tempting is its face,
Thousands in thorny ways pursue the chase,
And, when they think the treasure is their own,
Presto's the word ! for lo ! the phantom's gone :
But each in turn has his allotted share,
And each in turn builds castles in the air.
Some seek it in a hoard of useless wealth,
Some steal from love what others gain from health ;
Some place their hopes in hunting, cards, and dice ;
Some think to find her in the paths of vice ;

Some

Some fly to shades,—the softer plan pursue,
Well pleas'd and happy while the scenes are new ;
But soon again are heard to change their tone ;—
Man cannot find true happiness alone :
Others at court the supple knee will bend,
A monarch's smiles can adverse fortune mend ;
Yet is this truth as plain as other things,
That happiness is seldom found with kings

E. P.

HAPPINESS ! thou magnet of attraction, in what region art thou to be found ? The inquiry has often been made, but I never yet heard any one acknowledge he had obtained a satisfactory answer. One is therefore led to conclude, in the moments of despondency and doubt, that it is a mere ignis fatuus of the mind,—a phantom which all men pursue without the power of possessing.

Not all the researches of philosophy, not all the documents of wisdom, could ever point out any means of finding this precious jewel, this rara avis, unless in a mind
unstained

unstained with guilt. It is not concealed in riches, for we often see the affluent as wretched as their fellow-mortals: it cannot dwell with poverty, from which the greatest part of the world are eager to escape.

Dress may amuse the frivolous, but it cannot impart happiness. Disease must be a stranger to it, and health is often heard to complain of various miseries. If we look into the dwellings of the great, or the palaces of kings, we shall find those who inhabit them, as far removed from happiness as ourselves. This longing after something unpossessed has been the portion of all the descendants of Adam, and we are unfortunately too prone to place a higher value on the blessings we see others enjoy than on our own, while the prospect of any distant good gives it a thousand flattering embellishments, which lose their power to charm when they become familiar.

We often think the situation of our neighbours and friends preferable to our
own,

own, without recollecting we see through a glass, shaded by prejudice, whose focus brings objects to our sight in a point of view that is calculated to deceive. We are too apt to make a false estimate of happiness, and complain of fate and fortune, while our own unreasonable desires are the only sources of discontent ; for, could we exchange situations with others, we should find we had obtained less advantage than we expected.

One of the most tempting but deceitful bubbles that allures the eye, and too often misleads the heart, is wealth. It has a very flattering external, an incredible number of captivating ornaments, and, at a distance, appears composed of all the requisites formed to make the happiness of man complete. — But, alas ! it promises more than it has the power to bestow, and, like all other earthly enjoyments, proves in the possession inadequate to our expectations : it cannot confer happiness, or alleviate

leviate pain ; neither can it purchase a reprieve from those afflictions and trials to which every mortal is alike exposed.

Wealth will introduce a train of new wants, far more numerous than those experienced in a state of comparative poverty. Every additional increase of it is accompanied with additional cares, and there are those to be found, who, if possessed of the whole world, would be ready to complain, or weep with Alexander that they had not another to plunder of its riches.

There is indeed one certain source of pleasure and profit to be derived from affluence, which will not fail to render it one of the most valuable treasures. It empowers its possessors to relieve the wants and miseries of others, to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and wipe the tear of anguish from the eye of wretchedness ; to protect the orphan and the widow, and afford shelter to the helpless wanderer ; to heal the sick, and release the prisoner. These are the
real

real enjoyments which wealth affords, and thus employed, its comforts will prove luxurious and profuse : but, ah ! how much it is to be lamented, that, among the number to whom fortune has been so liberal of her favours, so few should be found whose minds are sufficiently elevated to employ ~~them~~ in a way, that, while they relieved the misfortunes of others, would implant peace and harmony in their own minds ! Unfortunately for the rich and great, they have not time and leisure to attend to the wants of their fellow-creatures. They would think it derogatory, and an insult to their dignity, to be requested to enter the hovel of indigence. It would likewise be an interruption to those pleasures they are accustomed to pursue,—pleasures injurious to the mind, and dangerous in the gratification, but in which they vainly expect to find happiness, and lose the substance in following the shadow.

Be assured of this, my young readers, happiness is not to be found in scenes of riot and dissipation. Of such rational pleasures as are adapted to your rank and situation, every one has a right to partake, so long as he confines his wishes within the bounds of reason and discretion; but too unlimited an indulgence of your desires will only serve to create others more dangerous and unreasonable; and, while you think you are reaching the goal of happiness, you will find yourselves involved in the labyrinths of sorrow.

In such a dilemma, the mind, perpetually harassed with its own self-reproaches, is like a ship, on the boundless ocean, in the midst of a storm, without a rudder, and, driven along by the rude gales of passion, will at length be wrecked far from the pleasant shores of happiness and contentment.

Thus, through the paths of error, men pursue an object to which they can never lead,

lead, and then complain and murmur at the miseries they have brought upon themselves for want of a better regulated and more steady judgment, and life is too often wasted in a vain search after what can never be complete on earth : for, while we tread the paths of human life, we must arm our minds with fortitude to encounter the changes, and combat the dangers with which we are encompassed.

The avenues, through which we must search for happiness, lead to a more permanent and celestial state. The great Ruler of the universe has, for wise and good purposes, ordained it should be so ; and, in the very moment we experience the highest of earthly gratifications, has thrown some alloy into the scale, to convince imperfect mortals, that perfect happiness can only be enjoyed in those regions to which we are progressively journeying.

Yet, after all that has been said, that portion of felicity, allotted to man in his

L 2

present

present state of existence, is to be found in the very pursuits which would most tend to make it pleasant, and secure him those real enjoyments which can render his mortal pilgrimage less a scene of trial than if he were allowed every unrestrained indulgence of his appetites and passions.

The more we withdraw our affections from perishable objects, the more we endeavour to fix them on those permanent and unfading, the nearer we shall approach to happiness, and the more pure will be our pleasures; for, alas! those which this world affords are generally attended with satiety and disgust, and we know they cannot be lasting; yet it is a proof of wisdom to take every just and prudent step for the attainment of that share of mortal happiness which was designed to enliven and cheer us in our present state, and which the benevolent Founder of the universe formed us to enjoy.

Our

Our unruly passions are ever demanding fresh gratifications ; they are clamorous enemies, which not only require a strict guard, but must be subdued. If indulged, they would soon plunge us into irretrievable destruction. They must be regulated by virtuous fortitude, which will point out boundaries over which we ought not to pass.

Let us resolutely submit to the restrictions of reason under the guidance of religion, and the turbulent commotions of discontent will give place to that mild resignation, that sweet composure, which, in this life, must be ever the reward of prudence and rectitude. We may be unfortunate ; we may suffer the inconveniencies of sickness and sorrow, like the rest of our fellow-mortals ; but, while we enjoy internal peace, the wounds we receive from outward objects, or from causes which virtue could not prevent, will soon be healed.

Every state in life has its peculiar advantages. Our religion does not forbid.

us to pursue worldly interests ; but, to be really happy, our hopes must have something more solid for their foundation than any thing this world can afford. At the same time we should all of us recollect, let our condition be ever so bad, that discontent and a want of confidence in God can only make it worse, while, by paying with cheerful and unrepining hearts a proper attention to the active and relative duties of life, we render him the most acceptable service.

STANZAS.

STANZAS.

Angel, who guard'ft the middle walk of life,
To tread whose level paths my fond heart beats,
Far from the thorny brakes of care and strife,
Guide me, oh ! guide me to thy calm retreats :

There may I wander from the beaten-track,
Nor fear a snake will crofs me in my way ;
Still shall I find a path to bring me back,
Still find a shelter, wherefoe'er I stray.

Say ye, who love the mountain-top to tread,
Though with insulting sweep you pafs me by ;
Though ye're exalted far above my head,
Are ye in aught more fully blest than I ?

Has the great God his ev'ry blessing sent
To you, and left me destitute and poor ?
Feel I not in me some equivalent ?—
Ah ! yes,—Content and peace, what need I more ?

Thus,

Thus, o'er the vi'let, the rank weed and thorn
 Spread wide, yet still it glows with lively blue ;
 It still breathes perfume, for, at eve and morn,
 The breath of heav'n refreshes it with dew.

THE FAMILY FIRE-SIDE.

"Home's home, however homely," wisdom says,
 And certain is the fact, though coarse the phrase ;
 To prove it, if it needed proof at all,
 Mark what a train attends the muse's call ;
 And, as she leads th'ideal group along,
 Let your own feelings realize her song.
 Clear then the stage ; no scen'ry we require,
 Save the snug circle round the parlour-fire ;
 And enter, marshall'd in procession fair,
 Each happier influence that governs there :—

First, love, by friendship mellow'd into bliss,
 Lights the warm glow, and sanctifies the kiss !

When,

When, fondly welcom'd to th'accustom'd seat,
In sweet complacence wife and husband meet,
Look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,
Repose from labours to unite in care.
Ambition!—does ambition there reside?
Yes, when the boy, in manly mood, astride,
(Of headstrong prowess innocently vain,)
Canthers,—the jockey of his father's cane.
While emulation, in the daughter's heart,
Bears a more mild, though not less pow'ful part;
With zeal to shine her flutt'ring bosom warms,
And in the romp the future housewife forms.
Or both, perchance, to graver sport incline,
And art and genius in their pastime join;—
This the cramp riddle's puzzling knot invents,
That rears aloft the card-built tenements.
Think how joy animates, intense, tho' meek,
The fading roses on their grandame's cheek;
When, proud the frolic progeny to survey,
She feels and owns an int'rest in their play;
Adopts each wish their wayward whims unfold,
And tells, at every call, the story ten times told.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS THICKNESSE.

Reader, if youth should sparkle in thine eye,
If on thy cheek the flow'r of beauty blows,
Here shed the tear, and hear the pensive sigh,
Where beauty, youth, and innocence, repose.

Doth wit adorn thy mind? doth science pour
Its ripen'd bounties on thy vernal year?
Behold where death has cropp'd the plenteous store,
And heave the sigh, and shed the pensive tear.

Do music's dulcet notes dwell on thy tongue?
And do thy fingers sweep the sounding lyre?
Behold where low she lies, who sweetly sung
The melting strains a cherub might inspire!

Of

Of youth, of beauty, then be vain no more ;
Of music's pow'r, of wit and learning's prize ;
For while you read, these charms may all be o'er,
And ask to share the grave where Anna lies :

END OF VOL. III.

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